

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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ILLUSTRATED

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**MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. LAWTON.—HE DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY.**

FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN LAST OCTOBER IN THE FIELD, AND SENT BY MRS. LAWTON TO A FRIEND IN THE UNITED STATES,  
FOR USE IN "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."



# LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## Changes Since Washington's Day.

IF we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel." These words were used by Washington in his farewell address in 1796, issued in the last year of his Presidency and three years before his death.

Yet the expansion which has come in the power and prestige of the country in the century which has passed since Washington's death has been immeasurably greater than could have been conceived by anybody in his day. The population of the United States, which was about 5,000,000 at that time, is now 75,000,000. The largest city in the country then, Philadelphia, had 69,000 inhabitants, while it now has 1,200,000 or 1,400,000. New York, then with 55,000 population, has 3,500,000 to-day. Chicago, then a hunting-ground for Indians, with no place on the map until over a third of a century after Washington's demise, has more population now than was between the Potomac and the country's southern line at that time. The States of New York and Pennsylvania have each at present many more inhabitants than the entire United States had 100 years ago.

The area of the country was 827,000 square miles in 1799, while it is 3,700,000 in 1899. Its western boundary, which was at the Mississippi then, was long ago advanced to the Pacific, and has now been extended to the Philippines, in Asiatic waters. Its southern boundary, which was latitude 31 degrees at that time, the northerly line of the present State of Louisiana, has, in the passing years, taken in Florida, with that locality's then extension to the Mississippi, and has reached down to the lower part of the Gulf of Mexico. Its northerly line, then the great lakes, has, in the case of Alaska, been stretched far north of the Arctic Circle. In the year of Washington's death the receipts of the government were \$7,000,000 and its expenditures \$9,000,000. In the fiscal year 1899 the expenditures were \$700,000,000, and the receipts were slightly below that mark. The wealth of the country, which was less than \$1,000,000,000 then, or much below that of the single city of New York now, is \$90,000,000,000 at the present time.

Even the most daring imagination in the country, that of Jefferson, could not form any conception of the expansion which has come in the past hundred years. In his first inaugural Jefferson congratulated the American people on "possessing a chosen country with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation." A country several times larger than the third President had in mind has filled most of its waste places in three generations. But neither Washington, Jefferson, nor any other of their contemporaries could have foreseen the steamboat (then beginning in the most rudimentary way), the railroad, or the telegraph, and the changes they would bring. The sixty days required to make a journey from New York or Boston to the Mississippi a century ago would carry a person round the globe to-day. Several weeks passed before the news of Washington's death reached Kentucky or Tennessee, while intelligence of any occurrence can be diffused all over the earth in a few seconds at present.

Morally, the advances made by the United States are as great as they are physically. The "neutrality" of the country which Washington was anxious to have "respected" is observed in a scrupulously conspicuous degree in these days. All nations are desirous, as the expressions of leading British, German, French, and Russian statesmen in the past twelve months show, to gain the good-will of this country. The Monroe doctrine, first advanced by Washington, was indorsed by England in the Venezuela arbitration case, and was sanctioned by the world in the conference at The Hague a few months ago. The annals of the world afford no parallel to the moral and physical advancement which has come to the United States in the rounded century which has passed since the death of its first President.

## A Remarkable Life Ended.

WITH the exception of the Pope at Rome the death of no man prominent in the religious world at the present time would bring

a sense of personal sorrow and bereavement to the hearts of so many people in so many lands as has been brought by the passing away of Dwight L. Moody, the famous evangelist. Although he was not a clergyman, and bore no ecclesiastical titles, and was not even known at large by any denominational name or connection, he wielded an influence in the sphere of religious life and thought second to that of no man of his generation.

Mr. Moody attained and held a higher level of success as an evangelical revivalist, and for a longer period, than any man who ever lived. For thirty years his marvelous power in this field of effort was known and recognized throughout Christendom, and continued unabated to the end. The secret of his strength and popularity lay in his intense earnestness, his absolute sincerity, and his glowing and abounding faith.

He commanded the respect and confidence of men of other religious faiths and beliefs, and even of the non-religious classes, by his sturdy common sense, his geniality and whole-heartedness, and by his freedom from all cant and affectation. He lived the religion he professed and practiced what he preached. In speech and manner he was simple, clear, and direct; he understood the common people because he was always one of them in thought and feeling, and among them his greatest and most enduring work was done. The world is a far better and happier world to-day because of the life of Dwight L. Moody. He will live long in the grateful and tender memory of mankind.

## Our Great and Growing Navy.

Few people realize what rapid and gratifying progress has been made by the United States during the past year as a naval Power. The government determined that the brilliant prestige gained by our navy in the Spanish war should not be allowed to suffer hereafter through lack of first-class vessels for all the purposes of war, equipped with the latest and best appliances for naval action, and it has been at work energetically since the great events at Manila and Santiago in carrying out its purposes.

We are indebted to the *Marine Review* for some important and interesting facts relating to the present status and the prospects of our navy. The United States is now rated, it appears, as the third naval Power in the world, being excelled by Great Britain and France. The greatest rival we have for the third place is Japan, the wonderful little empire of the East. The full strength of the navy of the United States amounts to 312 vessels of all kinds, built and building. Of this number 189 are in the regular navy and 123 constitute the auxiliary force, for the accumulation of which we are largely indebted to the necessities of the Spanish-American War.

Something of the pace at which we are moving forward may be imagined when it is stated that, roughly estimated, the existing naval fleet represents an expenditure for construction of about \$125,000,000, and yet there are under construction, or awaiting formal acceptance by the government, more than half a hundred war-vessels, the contract price for which, exclusive of armor and armament, is in the neighborhood of \$40,000,000.

The war almost doubled the aggregate of men on our war-vessels. At its outset the complement was 12,500 men, but in the summer of 1898 it reached the maximum figure of 24,123 men. Since that time it has, of course, decreased considerably. But the incoming Congress is expected to authorize a permanent naval strength of upwards of 20,000 men. For the future, bright hopes may be based upon the most favorable of indications. Many Congressmen have been spending the summer of 1899 in the study of naval science abroad. New battle-ships, armored and protected cruisers, are to be constructed, and each class is quite certain to mark a step forward in the science of building vessels of war. Rear-Admiral George W. Melville declares that the new battle-ships should be of twenty knots of speed; that they should carry large batteries of rapid-fire guns, have ample coal-bunker capacity, and be fitted with triple screws—radical revolutionary measures, all, but vital in influence if successful.

Heretofore the Powers have charged us with being deficient in the matter of diversity of strength in our naval fleet. This is true no longer, for with the completion of the vessels now on the stocks we will have more than half a hundred torpedo-boats and destroyers. Here, too, American builders have been daring, for who will contend that it is not venturesome to guarantee a speed in excess of thirty knots on a smaller displacement than has ever before been attempted by any ship-builder the world over—and that, too, when the contract is the first of the torpedo-boat kind taken by the firm which is to do the work?

The wonderful progress in the construction of the new navy is exhibited by a report prepared by Chief Constructor Hichborn, from which it appears that, some weeks ago, of the battle-ships, the *Kearsarge* was ninety-six per cent. advanced toward completion, the *Kentucky* ninety-three per cent., the *Illinois* seventy per cent., the *Alabama* ninety per cent., the *Wisconsin* seventy-seven per cent., the *Maine* fourteen per cent., the *Ohio* six per cent., and the *Missouri* one per cent. The sheathing, cruiser *Albany*, building in England, is eighty-five per cent. advanced, and the four monitors range from three per cent. to twenty-five per cent. The sixteen torpedo-boat destroyers and the seventeen torpedo-boats under construction range all the way from two per cent. to ninety eight per cent.

## A Public Scandal.

THE disbarment by the Supreme Court of Montana of John B. Wellcome, a Butte City attorney, as the result of the charges regarding his unprofessional conduct in connection with the recent election of W. A. Clark to the Senate, is the strongest evidence that corrupt means were employed to win the Senatorial election in that State. It is significant that the decision was unanimously rendered by all of the judges, including two Republicans and one Democrat. The Senator-elect, Mr. Clark, is a Democrat, and in the contest against him was fiercely opposed by what is called the "Daly wing" of the Montana Democracy, headed by Marcus Daly, who, like the Senator-elect, is a millionaire miner.

It is no trifling matter that a member elect of the United States Senate is charged with having spent the enormous sum of \$350,000 to secure his seat. For many years allegations have

been freely made that seats in the Senate were notoriously bought and paid for in some of the far Western States, and charges of bribery in connection with the election of Senators from other sections have not been wanting. We do not enter into the merits of the contest involving the right of the Senator-elect, Mr. Clark, from Montana, to his seat. But the accusations of bribery in this case have been publicly made, three members of the Montana Senate testifying that they were paid thousands of dollars for their votes, and that they received the money from an attorney who was in the service of the Senator-elect. Charges have been made, and a contest has been begun, and the Senate of the United States will be called upon to investigate this scandal. A patriotic duty is involved in the case, and it is unnecessary to point it out. If Mr. Clark has been honestly elected he should be given his seat. If the charges made against his attorney are true, they should be publicly exposed and scathingly denounced. Public office has not ceased to be a public trust. The time when public places can be bought by money will mark the beginning of the republic's decline.

## The Plain Truth.

No reason exists why any one who rides a bicycle should be confused over the question, "When does the new century begin?" Every bicycle-rider knows what "a century run" is. It means a run of 100 miles, and it is not completed until the hundred miles have been run. The second century run of a bicycle-rider always begins with mile 101, and his twentieth century run would begin when he started out to make his mile 1,901, because he would have to complete the nineteen hundred miles to the very last foot before his nineteenth century run would end. So with the centuries of time. Not until the last day of the year 1900 has passed will the century have been completed, and not until the first minute of 1901 opens will the new twentieth century have begun.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* looks upon Governor Roosevelt as the new Republican leader in New York whom the New York *Sun* recently called for in place of Senator Platt. But it says that the Governor, while available for leadership, by reason of "his novelty, audacity, and success, does not dispute the leadership of those who claim to lead; he just leads them." This may be true. Nevertheless, it is a political paradox. Any man who thinks that without being a leader he can lead will find himself very much mistaken when the test of leadership comes. The *Sun* may have had Governor Roosevelt in mind when it called for Senator Platt's retirement. But there are no signs that the Senator has abdicated or thinks of abdicating his leadership, and until he does the man who proposes to succeed him may as well prepare to fight. The mere acquiescence of the Republican leader now and then in the wishes of a Governor or of any one else does not signify submission in everything. That has been demonstrated in the past, and it is likely to be demonstrated again.

Nearly four years after the last Republican National Convention was held, its secrets are coming out—that is, some of them. A great many prominent Republicans have claimed the honor of originating the gold plank of the last national platform. Senator Foraker, in a long letter recently published, insisted that the committee on resolutions, of which he was chairman, had prepared it. H. H. Kohlsaat, the well-known editor of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, declared that the plank had been framed by President McKinley's friends at a conference in Mr. Hanna's rooms, days before the convention assembled, and some time before Mr. Foraker's committee on resolutions had been chosen. At this conference Mr. Kohlsaat said that Mr. Hanna, Senator Proctor, Henry C. Payne, M. E. Stone, and himself were present. Mr. Payne now publishes a statement indorsing Mr. Kohlsaat's declaration, so that, at this writing, Mr. Kohlsaat is clearly ahead of the game. We happen to know that Mr. Kohlsaat, long before the Republican National Convention met, was earnestly and vigorously laboring for an unequivocal declaration in favor of the gold standard; and we happen to know, also, that at that time Mr. Hanna was questioning the expediency of such a declaration and was much opposed to it. Mr. Kohlsaat carried the day, and we are inclined to believe that his influence with President McKinley, and ultimately with Mr. Hanna, settled the matter. Mr. Hanna is a good politician, but a great opportunist. Mr. Kohlsaat is a good editor, with the courage of his sound convictions.

One of the oldest and best-known social societies in the United States, if not the oldest and best known, is The New England Society, in the city of New York, which recently held its ninety-fourth annual festival, or banquet, over which Judge Henry E. Howland presided, with 600 members and guests by his side, including ex-Secretary Cornelius N. Bliss, J. Pierpont Morgan, Major-General Merritt, Rear-Admiral Sampson, Governor Wolcott, of Massachusetts; Andrew Carnegie, Robert C. Ogden, Austin B. Fletcher, V. P. Snyder, Alfred H. Wiggin, Henry W. Cannon, and Commodore van Santvoord. Eloquent tributes to the New England character were paid by orators from every section, including one of the most eloquent from the South by an ex-Confederate from Virginia, Professor W. Gordon McCabe. One of the most interesting incidents of the evening was the reading of a prophetic message from the nation's martyr, the late General Lawton. It was read by the Honorable John Barrett, ex-minister to Siam, during the course of his interesting remarks, and was in the form of a letter, one of the last that General Lawton had written. With a strong and patriotic impulse he denounced the conduct of the anti-imperialists in the United States and declared, as if with a pen of prophecy, "If I am shot by a Filipino bullet, it might as well come from one of my own men, because I know from observations confirmed by captured prisoners that the continuance of fighting is chiefly due to reports that are sent out from America." It is not surprising that these words created a deep impression. The speeches at the New England dinner are always sentient with the voice of public opinion, but nothing that fell from the most eloquent lips at the recent gathering carried with it a more impressive truth than the words from the pen of the great soldier whose memory the nation reveres, and over whose bier its tears are still falling.



# PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—A MAN with a history worth the telling is Professor W. H. Council, president of the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Normal, Ala. He was born a slave. All the schooling he received was in an institution for negroes opened at Stevenson, Ala., just after the war, which he attended for three years. He has gone on and by his own unaided efforts, and largely by study at night, has gained a fair knowledge of some of the languages, higher mathematics, and the sciences. About twenty years ago he was able to found the college of which he has since been the president. This institution has been in receipt of \$4,000 a year from Alabama. It has thirty-four professors, every one of whom, except President Council, holds a college diploma. Professor Council was admitted to the Supreme Court of Alabama in 1883. He has traveled extensively in Europe and elsewhere, and is a magnificent orator—eloquent, passionate, and forceful. At the recent session of the Southern Industrial Convention at Huntsville, Ala., he made a plea for his race that moved his audience to tears, and drew out the most vigorous applause that greeted any orator before the convention.



PROFESSOR W. H. COUNCIL, THE NOTED COLORED ORATOR.

—Major Taylor, who won the half-mile race in fifteen seconds at the exciting international meet at Boston, recently, is subjected to many hardships in his contests with his fellow-cyclists of the opposite color, so his friends allege, but he bears them cheerfully and seldom forces himself on unwilling associates. At Montreal, last summer, Taylor registered at a leading hotel. The manager informed him that he could have a room, but that he could not have his meals in the public dining-room. Taylor declined the offer with thanks, and went to a less pretentious house. At Louisville, Ky., not long ago, he was assaulted on the race-track. On another occasion it is alleged that he was refused the privilege of training on a Southern race-track. In traveling about the country, too, Taylor has encountered people who endeavor to make his lot uncomfortable. On a railroad train, not many months ago, an excited wheelman threatened to shoot him for occupying a seat with a lady. Taylor's friends also allege that, in competing for records, white cyclists endeavor to crowd him off the track. Major Taylor's white manager declares that with fair play the colored champion would be the greatest rider a wheel.



MAJOR TAYLOR, A GREAT RIDER.

—William Rose, of South Carolina, has the distinction of being the only negro who holds a position in a white military organization in the South. Rose enlisted in the Richland Volunteer Rifle Company, as musician, in 1834, and for the past twenty years he has held the position of "orderly." As such he wears now commissioned officer's stripes, carries a sword, and marches in the file-closers. He attends the company meetings and votes on all questions. Annually the members shoot for the "Rose Medal," presented the company by the old negro, and among the most cherished of "Uncle Billie's" possessions is a gold-headed cane, a gift from the company. A veteran of three wars, the old man was heart-broken when, in 1898, his company marched away to Chickamauga and, on account of physical infirmities, left him behind. Although his life has been spent among the most prominent and cultured men of his State, Uncle Billie has never mastered the art of reading. He does not know how old he is, but he remembers distinctly the visit of Lafayette to South Carolina in 1825. In 1836 Rose went with his company to fight the Seminoles in Florida. Later, the Richland Rifles was one of the companies that composed the Palmetto Regiment, which played so important a part in the Mexican War. Rose



WILLIAM ROSE, THE ONLY NEGRO MEMBER OF A WHITE MILITARY ORGANIZATION IN THE SOUTH.

went along as body-servant to Colonel Pierce Butler. When the guns opened on Fort Sumter Rose obtained permission from his master to go as body-servant to General Maxey Gregg. At Fredericksburg, when he was mortally wounded, it was to his trusted servant that General Gregg gave, as a loving testimonial, his watch, and to him also were intrusted his dying messages to his family. The journey from the battle-fields of Virginia to Columbia was a most perilous one, but the faithful slave did not rest till his commander's body lay in its old home. During the stormy times of reconstruction Rose never wavered in his allegiance to his white friends. He was hated by his own race, and several times his life was threatened. In 1876, when the bitter struggle was over, and Governor Hampton entered the gubernatorial office, Rose was given the position of Governor's messenger. Since then he has served under eleven Governors.

The most interesting, if not the most valuable memento of their Philippine campaign brought back by General Funston's Kansas regiment was little Juan Guearido, a simon pure Filipino lad. Juan's parents are members of the Visayan tribe, but they apparently had no great affection for the little fellow, for when he drifted into the camp of the Twentieth Regiment one day he was as forlorn a specimen of humanity as one could well imagine a lively nine-year-old boy could be. The Kansas boys took a fancy to him, and he was forthwith installed as their mascot, and soon became very popular. When the regiment disbanded at San Francisco the waif



JUAN GUEARIDO, THE QUEER LITTLE MAS-COT OF THE TWENTIETH KANSAS.

was taken in charge by Lieutenant Ball, who brought him to his home at Sedan, Kan., where he will be given a thorough American education. Juan has evidently "caught on" to some of our American ways, for when the ladies welcomed him as he passed along in the great procession at Topeka he took out his little bright bordered bandanna and waved it gallantly.

—One of the principal attractions at the international six-day contest held in Madison Square Garden, recently, was Master Walter Smith, of Brooklyn, the phenomenal boy-bicyclist, who has the reputation of establishing a number of new world's records. At the Garden he gave several exhibitions, and manifested great enthusiasm. This boy—being only fifteen years of age—has ridden faster than any amateur in the history of cycle-racing in this or any other country. His time



MASTER WALTER SMITH, A BOY WITH A REMARKABLE BICYCLE RECORD.

for the mile, 1:36 2-5, compares favorably with McDuffee's wonderful professional mile record, youth, experience, and all things considered. In this famous trial, made at Berkeley Oval, Smith, who is a Brooklynite, residing in the Bedford district, also annexed the third and half-mile records, respectively, 0:30 3-5 and 0:45 4-5. In the opinion of men competent to judge, Smith would have been inside his figures for the mile had he had enough pace, which proves that the lad has not reached his limit by any means. Physicians pronounce him a marvel, and all sorts of things are predicted for him.

—Miss Weston, of Portsmouth, Eng., is the most famous worker for sailors in the world. She is superintendent of work among sailors for the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and is the president of the Plymouth branch of the National British Woman's Temperance Association. For nearly twenty-five years she has lived and worked among the blue-jackets of her Majesty's navy. The result of her powerful influence is now seen in the widespread reform which has taken place in the habits of hundreds of men to whom her name is a talisman for good. One man out of every six in the navy is a total abstainer, and Miss Weston's work—including her monthly letters to sailors (the now far-famed "Blue-backs"); *Ashore and Afloat*, which she edits; the "sailors' rests" she has established in Portsmouth, and her untiring personal efforts—has called forth the admiration not only of the commanders and the lords



MISS WESTON, THE SAILORS' FRIEND.

of the admiralty, but of all who know of the devoted labor of her life. One thousand copies per month of *Afloat and Ashore* go, by special permission of the navy authorities, on board every war-vessel of the United States Navy.

—Just before Seth Low sailed for Europe he came to me for a picture," said Mr. Rockwood, the well-known photographer. "As might be expected of such a man of affairs as Dr. Low, about to leave so many important interests behind him, he had a thoughtful, serious expression, in place of the sunny, genial face which usually greets his friends. I was puzzled for a moment, when I said, 'Dr. Low, did you ever meet a human being with whom you would exchange personalities?' He looked up with a quizzical, inquiring twinkle, while I went on. 'I don't mean conditions, but absolute exchange of personality or being. I never did; but if the man existed with whom I would exchange, you, Dr. Low, are the man. One who could put down a cold million of dollars and say, 'I dedicate this to God and the good of my fellow-men.' That man, I believe, I would be willing to exchange personalities with.' Dr. Low at once assumed an almost grave expression, and replied, 'There are, Mr. Rockwood, other uses for money than its mere possession.' My ruse was successful, and one of the negatives was the foundation of the superb life-size portrait of him afterward painted by Conant, the historical painter, and now in my collection, a copy of which I send to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* to use with this story.

—Mrs. Eliza Archard Conner, the famous journalist, has just completed a remarkable trip around the world. It included out-of-the-way places, and was made to regain health after ten years' devotion to work. On her way around the globe she visited the Klondike, Hawaii, and Manila, and traveled over the Philippine Islands, making a careful study of the people, and furnishing to a syndicate of American papers a series of brilliant letters on the situation in that country, some of these letters being written within sound of the artillery of the contending armies. She witnessed the attack on Los Pinos, and after it was



PRESIDENT SETH LOW, OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

over dispatched an account of the affair that army officers declared to be the most accurate and graphic of any sent from Manila. She made a special study of the Tagals, and is at work on a series of articles that probably will shortly be published in book form. Mrs. Conner's position as a journalist is unique. She is a woman of scholarly attainments, a graduate of a great Western college, with a mind cultivated by intelligent foreign travel. Of most modest and retiring disposition, for years she has, unknown to the public, wielded a tremendous influence as the writer of a page of editorials issued weekly by one of the great New York purveyors of news, although, for business reasons, the fact that the page was written by a woman was kept a secret. Her oratorical gifts are said to be equal to those of the best women platform speakers. Only occasionally had she time to appear before the public, usually at one of the meetings of Sorosis, of which she has long been an honored member. No woman journalist in the country, probably, is so widely acquainted with persons of note.

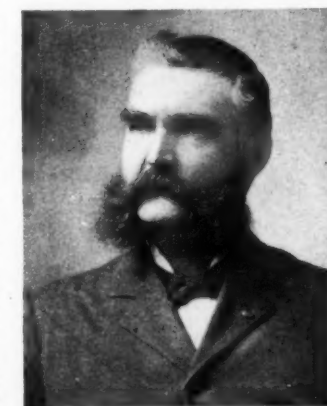
—Commander William H. McFarlane, of General Lander Post 5, of Lynn, Mass., has reason to feel proud of his position, commanding as he does the largest Grand Army Post in the country. Its membership is nearly 1,000. Besides being the biggest post in point of numbers, Post 5 claims to be the richest in the country. It holds nearly \$100,000 worth of real estate in Lynn, including a theatre and its handsome brick and brownstone headquarters building. The property is free and clear, and the income from it is spent in aiding the needy comrades of the post. Since its organization Post 5 has spent \$100,000 in charity for its members. Post 5 has always been prominent in the national councils of the Grand Army of the Republic. It furnished one commander-in-chief in the personage of Captain J. G. B. Adams, who was head of the veterans in 1893, and may always be counted upon to turn out in good numbers at the national encampments. Commander McFarlane served in the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Infantry and Third Heavy Artillery during the Civil War.



MRS. ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER, A FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT.

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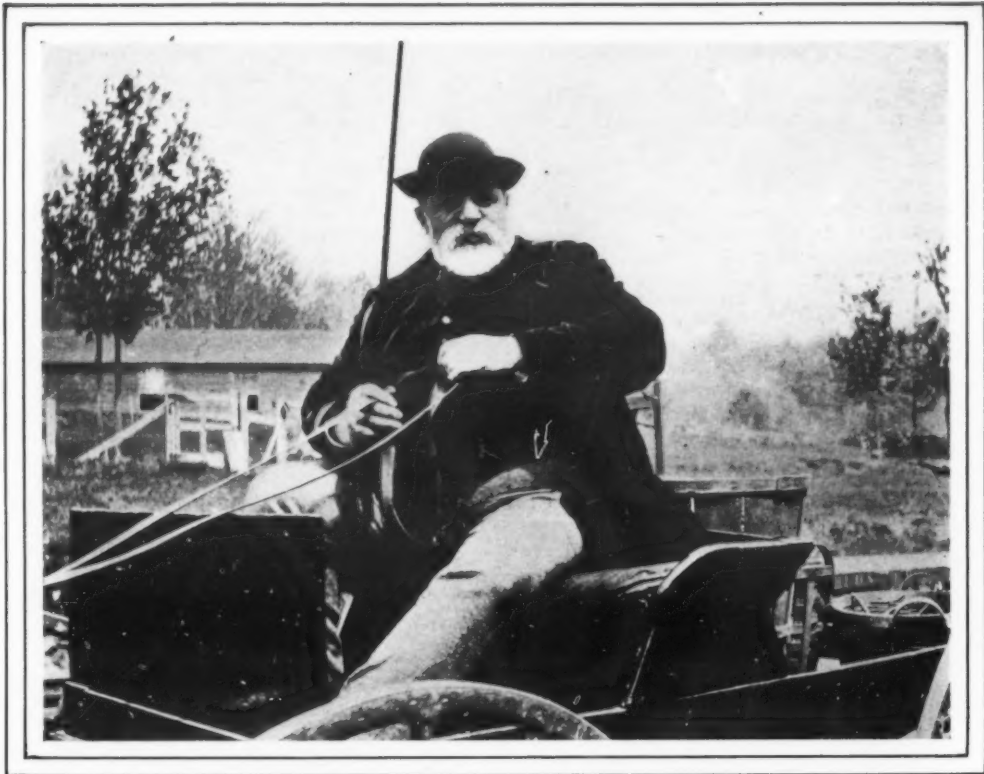
W. H. MCFARLANE, COMMANDER OF THE LARGEST AND WEALTHIEST GRAND ARMY POST.

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CHARACTERISTIC POSE OF MR. MOODY ON THE PLATFORM.  
THE LATE DWIGHT L. MOODY, THE FAMOUS  
EVANGELIST.



MR. MOODY OUT TAKING THE AIR ON HIS NORTHFIELD (MASS.) FARM.



RAISING THE MONEY FOR THE SALVATION ARMY'S  
CHRISTMAS DINNER.



A PART OF THE LONG LINE OF THIRTY-TWO HUNDRED APPLICANTS FOR THE SALVATION ARMY'S  
CHRISTMAS DINNER.



THE SALVATION ARMY FEEDING TWO THOUSAND OF NEW YORK'S POOR, AT CHRISTMAS, IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

THE LARGEST CHRISTMAS DINNER EVER GIVEN IN NEW YORK—GOOD WORK OF THE SALVATION ARMY.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHELAN.





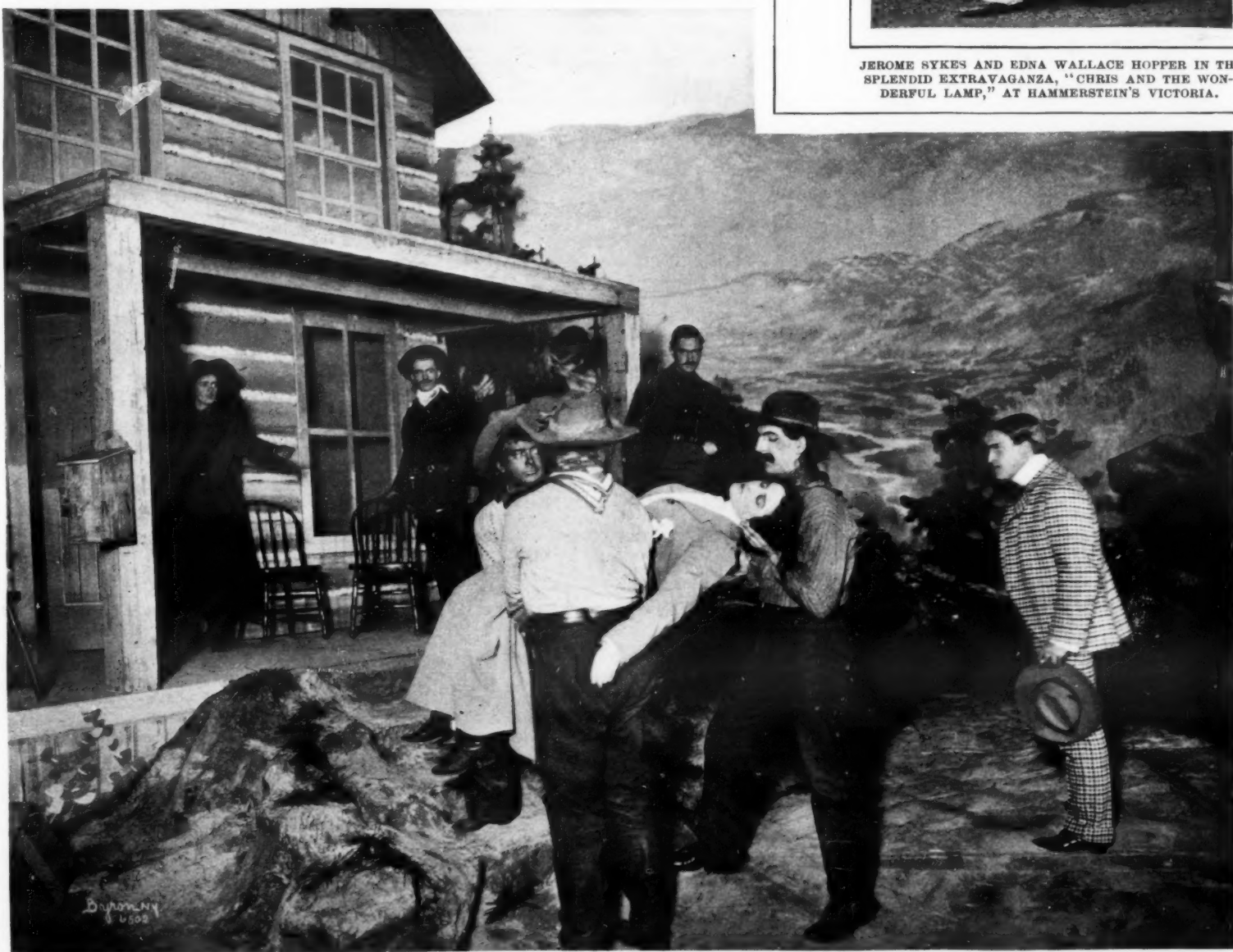
"WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS," ONE OF THE MOST LAUGHABLE PLAYS OF THE PERIOD, AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—ROBERT HILLIARD AND MISS HILDA SPONG IN THE LEADING CHARACTERS.  
(See dramatic column.)



MISS MANNERING AS "JANE FANGLE," AND MISS BUSLEY AS "PAMELA," IN THE CHARMING COMEDY, "THE MANOEUVRES OF JANE," AT DALY'S.



JEROME SYKES AND EDNA WALLACE HOPPER IN THE SPLENDID EXTRAVAGANZA, "CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP," AT HAMMERSTEIN'S VICTORIA.



NAT GOODWIN AND MAXINE ELLIOTT IN THEIR LATEST HIT, "THE COWBOY AND THE LADY," AT THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING THEATRICAL ATTRACTIONS IN NEW YORK.



# TALES FROM LUZON, II.—THE INITIATION OF MAYOR LOPEZ:

LEAVES FROM A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S SKETCH-BOOK.

By H. IRVING HANCOCK.

"SOMETHING has got to be done," said Captain Jeffers, decisively.

"And done quickly, too," nodded Follings.

"If we don't soon put an effectual quietus on Lopez," coincided Shaw, "he'll either scare us to death or run our men off their legs."

"All well and good," grumbled Deerman. "But what are you going to do? We're all agreed that Mayor Lopez is an unmitigated nuisance, and a peril to our peace of mind. Yet how are we going to squelch him?"

"For, unfortunately," murmured Horan, "we can't organize a drum-head court-martial, with a firing-squad for a sequel."

"No, no, no!" agreed the other lieutenants. "Life isn't as easy as that in the Philippines."

In their perplexity the younger men looked half-beseechingly at that experienced and resourceful Indian-fighter and frontier diplomat, Captain Jeffers.

"I think, gentlemen," said Jeffers, finally, with a heavy sigh that somehow filled the youngsters with hope, "I think that we'll have to initiate Mayor Lopez. I see no other way out of it."

"Yes; I vote 'aye' on that question," agreed Horan.

"I'd like a little more light," suggested Follings, only to be viciously nudged in the ribs, followed by a low whisper from Deerman:

"Keep quiet, can't you, you chump? Can't you see that it's a new-born idea of the captain's? Keep quiet a little while, and let it germinate. Be sure that it'll be good when it has had time to develop."

Now this same view of it must have occurred to the other youngsters, for, though the initiation was tacitly agreed to, no further light was requested just then. As for Jeffers, he passed into one of those brown studies which his intimates knew as the forerunners of mischief.

The regiment had a real grievance against Mayor Lopez. Even the most captious person would have been obliged to admit that. Ever since the Thirty-eighth had come to Santo Rosario the *alcalde* had been a thorn in the sides of the officers and men alike. Not that he looked like a thorn; that fat, bald-headed, short, and waddling half-breed Filipino bore far more resemblance to a pumpkin. He had been the *alcalde*, or *presidente*, or whatever the title of office was, of Santo Rosario in the days when Aguinaldo's brown, barefooted soldiers had represented the visible source of authority. When these soldiers ran away from before the American advance Lopez failed to "hike" with them. He was one of the few citizens of Santo Rosario who remained behind to greet the Thirty-eighth when it marched in to replace the old order with the new. In the absence of Colonel Cortright, Captain Bundleigh had marched at the head of the regiment, and to him, after eliciting an assurance that the Thirty-eighth meant to stay, Lopez had delivered an address eloquent of friendliness and loyalty to American rule. At the same time Lopez had hinted at the nature of the functions which he had—compulsorily, so he said—exercised under the sway of Aguinaldo. Acting on the plan inspired from Washington, Captain Bundleigh had promptly sworn Ramon Lopez in to succeed himself as mayor of the town under the new régime.

Shortly after that Bundleigh had succumbed to a tropical illness and had gone to Manila, leaving Jeffers to bear the brunt of Ramon Lopez. It had not proved a pleasant burden. Santo Rosario, being on the very outposts of the American lines, was always liable to unexpected attack. Seldom was there a moment when there was not in the air a rumor of threatened catastrophe. Early in his incumbency of an American office Lopez had come to Captain Jeffers with a tale of menacing peril. There was talk among the Filipino leaders, he said, of sending a whole division to surround Santo Rosario, attack it, and destroy the last American soldier in the place. It would be necessary, Lopez had urged, to have many more American soldiers sent to the town unless defeat were to be courted. All the while he was talking, this fat little Filipino mayor had kept his scrutinizing gaze close upon the captain's face. It looked as though the mayor were anxious to know how the Americans regarded such news, and just what the American resources were. On that occasion Captain Jeffers had proved a huge disappointment to the crafty native.

"It's all bosh," the captain had declared, tapping one of his leggings impatiently with his riding whip. "If any number of the rebels want to fight us, let them come. They know where we are to be found. We can fight as well at one hour of the day as another."

"But," Lopez had urged, "I am afraid Aguinaldo will send so many of his *soldados* that Santo Rosario will be captured and destroyed. We have many rich Filipinos in this town, and they own much valuable property. I have brought you the alarm in time. Of what use is your American government if it does not send enough soldiers to protect a town where you have found loyal supporters among the Filipinos? We have given our allegiance to you, but events will prove that we were fools to do so if you slumber in the face of the enemy and allow us to be destroyed."

All this was reasonable, and was advanced with the skill of a crafty lawyer—for the law had been Ramon Lopez's profession under the Spanish rule. He said much more, too, all looking to having more soldiers summoned to Santo Rosario. But Jeffers, firm in the belief that twelve or thirteen hundred American soldiers, on the defensive, could stand off all the *insurrectos* on the island of Luzon, had replied, emphatically, that he would send no fool appeal to Manila for more fighting men.

"Ah," was Lopez's comment, "then I have been misinformed. I was told that always more regiments of your soldiers could be supplied. On the contrary, it seems that your country has no more soldiers to spare."

Captain Jeffers, though pretending to look the other way, was conscious that the fat little brown mayor was scanning his face.

"More soldiers?" retorted the captain. "Pooh! In the United States our soldiers are as numerous as the leaves on the trees. But we have more here now than we need. Let your Aguinaldo send a division of his bandits here, if he likes. Two divisions will suit us as well. One American soldier is worth fifty of your barefoots."

Ramon Lopez, with an elaborate bow, was on the point of leaving, but Jeffers called him back.

"Understand me, mayor," went on the captain. "While I do not care a rap about anything that the rebels can do, it will go hard with Santo Rosario and its citizens if the place is attacked."

"But how can I prevent it?" demanded the mayor, half cringing. "You decline to send for more soldiers, and Aguinaldo is determined. I, who have espoused the American cause, cannot deter him."

"Yet you can bring me information—and straight information, too—of any move that is contemplated in the rebel camps. Yes, you can," as Lopez shook his head deprecatingly. "Do you suppose I don't know that your men and women are going out into the fields every day? More, that they often go as far as the nearest insurgent camp? You may pretend that you cannot get me information, but, mayor, I will tell you, now, what my orders are to my men. If, at any time in the day or night, Santo Rosario is attacked, my men on the outposts will fall slowly back, setting fire to every house and warehouse in the town. Not a building will be left standing, for we must have a clear field to fight across. Nor will a man, woman, or child be allowed to leave Santo Rosario once the fighting begins. If bullets are to whistle through this town you inhabitants will be hit by the greater part of them. Digest what I have just told you, for I never break my word to friend or foe."

It had been then, for the first time, that Lopez fully understood the captain, and how little fooling of that American officer could be accomplished. Lopez was one of scores of rich Filipinos and half-breeds whose entire fortunes were invested in the real estate of Santo Rosario. The burning of the city meant the wiping out of their property, and the danger that their lives, even more precious, might be snuffed out. Lopez had gone to consult with his brown fellow-Crœsuses. One and all had been struck with terror. From that day they had become loyal Americans in earnest. They no longer prayed for the success of the Filipino republic, but only that Aguinaldo would keep as far from Santo Rosario as possible. Moreover, these "solid" citizens used every resource at their command to get information that would prevent the *insurrectos* from swooping down upon the city. They sent out native *hombres* whom they could trust to secure information. At first this plan had worked well, and Jeffers had found that his shrewdness was putting him in possession of much valuable news. Every move of the rebels within twenty miles of Santo Rosario was made mysteriously known to him through the effective secret service of Mayor Lopez. Two little scouting bands of *insurrectos* that ventured too near the town had been captured upon the information of the *alcalde*. As was only to be expected, Aguinaldo's chiefs, in time, learned that Santo Rosario's native citizens were serving the enemy. Then authentic news of the rebel doings became indeed scarce in the town.

In this extremity Ramon Lopez had found himself reduced to the necessity of inventing "tips," or, at the best, altering and vastly magnifying such scraps of news as came to him. It was this that had caused the trouble. Colonel Cortright, in the meantime, had come out to take command of his regiment. To him, twenty times a day, the scared little mayor would come running with his tales of rebel advances, of contemplated attacks upon Santo Rosario, and enough other kinds of gloomy news to keep the American blood in circulation. The worst of it was that the colonel, in the first blush of his acquaintance with Lopez, was inclined to regard him as an earnest, honest, trustworthy little fellow. It now seemed likely that the Thirty-eighth would die of exhaustion in the face of the colonel's mind. Lopez would come in with news that four hundred of the insurgents were scouting near Pantala, and working down toward Santo Rosario. Out would go two companies of the Thirty-eighth, with perhaps twenty men from the single troop of cavalry. All day they would roam the country, but not a single insurgent would be encountered. At another time Lopez would bring word that some rebel chief had massed fifteen hundred men at Malaguan. A reconnoitring column would go to Malaguan, and clear through the town, only to find that the news was false. Officers and men were alike grumbling at the amount of fatiguing extra work which the chasing of these worthless rumors entailed upon them. Still, the colonel felt that prudence demanded that the chasing continue as fast as Lopez's news came in.

Things went from bad to worse, the mayor, instead of skulking when column after column returned with grumbling reports, actually outdoing himself in the effort to get up some "news" more weird and startling than the last.

In all Santo Rosario Ramon had but one discourager. That was Luis Bernar. It had become Luis' mission in life to sneer at Ramon. They had been Filipino boys together, but had never got along well. They had become young lawyers together—rivals, of course. They had courted the same girl, glaring desperately at each other. Ramon had won her, but she turned out a scold. It was Luis' chance to resume his sneering. Hardly ever did Ramon run out of his house, pursued by the scolding tongue of his *esposa*, but Luis was sure to appear on the other side of the street, sneeringly regarding his once successful rival. Always, when Ramon did or said anything, Luis had that same sneer. It had become chronic. So now, when Ramon brought news to the colonel, if Luis heard of it, he was sure to look

amused. Whenever a tired, hot, dusty, thirsty company returned from a Lopez-inspired goose-chase, Luis was sure to be on hand surveying the soldiers with an exasperatingly superior look.

To Jeffers's battalion had undoubtedly fallen the worst of this flying-column work. They were resolved, now, that it must be put a stop to. It was the problem of how it was to be done that was being evolved in the captain's mind. As to the means, only that one word, "initiation," had escaped that oracular old fighter.

In the drowsy hours of mid-day, however, the scheme was so completely formed that Jeffers was prepared to discuss it with his subordinates. In the big room of the former priestly quarters, on the second floor of the annex to the cathedral, where these officers had their common quarters, the plot was talked over.

"But never a word of this must get out to any one," warned the captain, impressively. "Trouble might follow if the story leaked out. Especially in the United States, where there are a good many people who don't know anything about the fighting, false midnight alarms, and long 'hikes' that we have to undergo, there might be a howl about the awful treatment we gave this poor, unsophisticated Filipino. So keep it quiet, gentlemen."

As soon as the cooler hours of the afternoon came, Jeffers sauntered out of the cathedral, going in the direction of Lopez's house. He found the little mayor in a brown study, probably trying to evolve an alarming yarn that would send half of the strength of the Thirty-eighth on a two days' run through the country.

Not a moment did the captain lose. He began to tell the little *mestizo*, with apparent sincerity, what good work he was doing for the American cause. Lopez's greasy face beamed.

"In fact," went on Jeffers, cordially, "I am commissioned to offer you membership in one of our greatest American orders. None but men of the greatest courage, loyalty, intelligence, and the most exclusive social standing, are ever admitted to our order."

"I am hugely delighted with the honor," cried the little brown mayor, enthusiastically. "How is your grand order named?"

"It is called," replied Jeffers, struggling against the danger of exploding, "the Consecrated Order of the Good Thing. You will be honored by being the first Filipino ever admitted to membership."

Both the name and the honor filled the little mayor with rapture. To him, as a devout even if perfunctory follower of the church, the sound of "consecrated" was peculiarly sweet. Even if the American significance of "good thing" was somewhat lost in a literal rendering into "*buena cosa*," it did not lose in grandeur. It was arranged that the initiation should begin at eight o'clock that night, and it was impressed upon the Filipino that no detail of the ceremony, under the most severe penalties, should ever leak out.

Procrastination is the vice of the Orient, yet at a quarter of eight that evening the fussy little mayor, dressed in his most dazlingly white trousers, his longest, newest black frock coat, his most immaculate straw hat, and his glossiest patent-leathers, walked down the street to the cathedral door. It had been moons since the people of Santo Rosario had seen their mayor so nobly gotten up. Be sure that Luis Bernar, scenting he knew not what, was in the street to sneer as his rival went by.

Arrived at the door of the room where Jeffers and his lieutenants quartered themselves, the *alcalde* was flattered to find the whole official quartette there to receive him with the utmost formality.

"It is necessary," began Jeffers, producing a handkerchief, "that you should be blindfolded, since you cannot be permitted to see aught of what happens until you are a full-fledged Good Thing."

"It is too great an honor," protested the little *alcalde*, trembling as he held up his head that his eyes might be bandaged.

"Worthy Brothers Horan and Follings," pronounced the captain, as he tied the last knot, "lead our honorable candidate to the altar, that the oath of membership and secrecy may be administered."

With steps barely six inches long the fat little Filipino was led across the wide apartment. He trembled excessively from the glorious excitement of the thing.

"Now repeat after me," directed Jeffers. "I, Ramon Lopez, being admitted to the Consecrated Order of the Good Thing, as a Good Thing in good standing, do solemnly swear, by—"

And here followed one of the most terrible and binding oaths of everlasting secrecy that a fertile mind could devise. Lopez repeated the oath word for word, though the obligation and its penalties were so fearful that his voice quivered inexpressibly.

"Unblind the candidate," ordered Jeffers, in a sepulchral voice.

It was done. Lopez found himself standing before a table on which burned tapers to the mystic number of seven. In the centre of the table was a scroll, only a little of one end of which was unrolled to view. Besides there were a stiletto, which made the fat little mayor tremble worse than ever, and a quill pen.

"This roll of membership must be signed in your own blood," announced the captain in a terrible voice. "Take the knife, draw your blood, and write your name down."

With ague-stricken fingers Ramon Lopez took up the stiletto. He turned to the quintette with eyes filled with piteous appeal.

"Draw the blood and sign!" thundered Jeffers.

Rolling up his sleeve, the mayor made a faint-hearted jab at his arm. Only a scratch resulted. Three more tiny scratches followed before he finally plucked up the courage to draw a tiny stream that dyed the end of the quill. With this awful ink he wrote his name where told.



There were "grips" to be learned—a sign, a distress signal, and others. The crushing strength of those American hands made Ramon Lopez wince long before he had mastered these manual mysteries.

Right after this came the recitation of the "obligations" of the order. These were the usual truth, charity, fraternity.

"And should I ever," mumbled the fat little mayor, following the captain's dictation, "deceive any brother through false information, should I ever place him in peril, or cause him discomfort or annoyance through untrue speech or ill-considered words"—here Lopez's conscience began to prick vigorously—

"May fate serve me—" led the captain, majestically.

"May fate serve me—" repeated Lopez.

"After the manner in which I am about to suffer—"

Though Lopez's face underwent a change and his voice shook a little at this point, he repeated, bravely:

"After the manner in which I am about to suffer."

"Only more so," insisted Jeffers.

"Only more so!" assented the wondering mayor.

"Our brother seems worthy," declared Jeffers. Bowing to little Lopez, he grasped the latter's pudgy brown paw. Horan seized the other. Thus they passed him down the line, after the fashion of the "grand chain."

Thump! As he let go of the mayor's hand Jeffers administered a prodigious kick. Horan duplicated it with an even better one. Shaw, who was called "a husky brute, anyway," did himself credit. Of course the little mayor struggled, but in the grip of these strong soldiers he wasted his efforts. The fourth and the fifth shrieks came from Lopez as Deerman and Follings registered their kicks.

At the end of the chain Lopez would have sunk to the floor, groaning, had not Follings passed him back to Deerman, Deerman to Shaw, and so on up the line. Back he came for the third and last time. Through with the vigorous ordeal, Lopez fell to the floor, moaning with pain, weeping from a sense of outrage. But his American brothers lifted him solicitously to his feet.

"Worthy Good Thing," sounded Jeffers's congratulatory voice, "you have honorably passed through the trial, and are now one of our Consecrated Order. Remember that fate will never deal thus with you, unless you bring false or careless information. Prepare to follow us through the last step."

Horan carefully adjusted the handkerchief over the *mestizo's* eyes. Follings threw open a door. Jeffers and Deerman guided the blindfolded one into the next room. Splash! Lopez fell headfirst into a sugar-hogshead filled with water.

Fished out, he was inclined to be suspicious and angry. Yet surely, these smiling American faces were friendly—not jeering. A *caromatta* stood outside the cathedral. Into this, after the silent exchange of five hand "signs," the Good Thing was hustled and driven home.

"Mayor Lopez doesn't seem to be hustling as much for information as he did formerly," remarked Colonel Cortright, a few days later.

"No," replied Captain Jeffers, pensively; "and the footsore Thirty eighth has had quite a rest recently."

As for the little mayor, when able to be out again he greeted his brothers of the Consecrated Order with an effusive fraternity that did high credit either to his diplomacy or his credulity.

"Our lodge is going to hold a meeting to-night, mayor," said Captain Jeffers, meeting the *mestizo* one morning. "It has occurred to us that you might like to have a companion of your own race in the order. If you have an intimate friend for whom you can thoroughly vouch, bring him around to-night and we will admit him on your recommendation."

With a pensive air Lopez replied that he would deliberate as to whether he possessed a friend sufficiently dear and trustworthy for the honor.

Almost to the minute of eight, that night, there came a knock on the door of Jeffers's quarters. In response to Horan's deep "come in," the door turned to admit Mayor Ramon Lopez. Nor was he less immaculately arrayed than on another memorable occasion. At his heels followed another middle-aged *mestizo* dandy, all bows, smiles, and expectancy.

"Caballeros," announced the *alcalde*, after bowing nearly double before the group of officers. "I brought one who is worthy of initiation into your—our—order."

And, as the second *mestizo* bent over once more, the little mayor added:

"Permit me, caballeros, to present my friend, Señor Don Luis Bernar."

## Armored Trains in War.

AN INTERESTING FEATURE OF MILITARY SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA—HOW THE TRAINS ARE MADE UP AND OPERATED.

FROM the beginning of the present war in South Africa frequent mention has been made of the use of armored trains by the British forces operating in that country. The first and most serious engagements around the beleaguered town of Mafeking and later along the railroad from De Aar to Kimberley, and in and near Colenso and Estcourt, have been in connection with British sorties and reconnaissances made in these armored trains. They are by no means a new or novel feature of warfare, for railway-trains protected in a more or less rude and simple fashion against the rifle-balls of an enemy were in frequent use by the Spanish forces during their later campaigns in Cuba, and similar methods have been adopted by our own army in the Philippines.

Armored trains of a special pattern were used for the first time in the defense of Paris in 1870 and 1871, and these were very large and elaborate in construction. So wide was the original rolling fortress that it was supported on two sets of trucks, side by side, thus covering both tracks of a double line. The English first put this form of defense to the test in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, when it proved invaluable. They have since devoted much attention to the development and perfection of this feature of war equipment, and their armored trains in South Africa are of the best and finest workmanship. They are all made by a railway-carriage firm of Birmingham, England.

One of our illustrations shows the type of steel-plated coach

which is being exported to South Africa almost daily. The vehicle is put together in the shops as we see it, but not completely riveted throughout, as it has to be entirely taken to pieces again for packing, and when once dismantled and ready for shipment in large wooden packing-cases its appearance is as innocent as that of the luggage-trucks that transport it. Each steel car is thirty-six feet in length, and has armor plating of Siemens Martin steel about a quarter of an inch thick.

There are two kinds of these cars under construction, one having lower sides than the other, but in both cases the finishing touch is put to them on arrival in South Africa, which at once makes them armored coaches proper. The sides have additional plates added, as high again, at an angle slanting inwards, serving as extra protection. The whole is then loop-holed, and the train is completed as soon as a suitable locomotive is found. Each coach weighs about twelve tons, and each is expected to carry about sixty men in action. Thus far they seem to have been effective for reconnoitring purposes, and by means of them also the British have been able to deal some hard strokes at the enemy.

## The Government and Governor of Cuba.

THE SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF NEW YORK STATE TELLS THE RESULTS OF HIS CAREFUL OBSERVATION OF CONDITIONS IN CUBA.

THE appointment of General Leonard Wood as military Governor of Cuba, it seems to me, is a happy solution of the questions presented in regard to the government of that island. I have just returned from a trip through Cuba and Porto Rico, in which I had excellent facilities for observing the condition and temper of the inhabitants; and while our legal relations to the two islands are different, I am forcibly impressed with the thought that our moral responsibility to give each the best possible opportunity for the broadest development is substantially the same; that is, to administer the trust imposed upon us for the best interests of those islands, of the United States, and of humanity.

I spent some time in Havana, Matanzas, Santa Clara, Cienfuegos and Santiago in Cuba, and in Ponce and San Juan in Porto Rico, besides stopping in several smaller places. I met both professional and business men, officials and private citizens, *alcaldes* of cities and Governors of provinces, American officers, soldiers and civilians. I visited schools and courts and mingled in society; I cultivated acquaintances whenever possible among all classes, and endeavored, as best I could, to inform myself of the material and social conditions which constitute the elements of the problem with which we have to deal in bearing the "White Man's Burden" in these tropical islands. The result is that I return deeply impressed with the gravity of the situation and the necessity of the greatest wisdom in its treatment.

The soil is marvelously fertile, even the mountain-sides produce pasture or fruit in luxuriance. I saw bananas, corn and tobacco growing on hillsides so steep that they could not be cultivated with horses. The mineral wealth of Cuba, especially, promises to be wonderful. It is only just beginning to be known. Iron, coal, copper, manganese, asbestos, and traces of gold have already been discovered, and the indications are that all exist in large quantities.

The experience of those who have spent the year there demonstrates that for one who takes care of himself, the climate is not unwholesome. I never saw harder-worked men in offices than are those in the various army headquarters, and the testimony of all was that while the heat was uncomfortable, their health was good.

Cuba, at least, can support ten times its present population, and the solution of the problem before us lies largely in determining the character of the nine parts that are to be added to the one already there. These nine parts will be formed in two ways—first by natural increase from the present inhabitants, and, secondly, by immigration. It behooves us, then, to see that conditions are such that the rising generation shall be—not may be—trained to habits of morality, industry, thrift and self-control, and that desirable immigration be encouraged.

The problem in Porto Rico is far more simple than in Cuba. In the latter island it is complicated by the Teller resolution committing us to the proposition that in the end we shall leave the people of that island to determine what form of government they shall choose. Yet, to my mind, this difference is more apparent than real. The United States can never permit those people to choose a government, for instance, that would be subject to a European Power. Neither can it permit them to choose a government that would be a repetition of the history of South and Central America or Dominica. Our trust to civilization forbids the latter, and our own interests the former.

The present population of Cuba is divided broadly into three classes—the business and professional men, whose whole interests are in a stable, just government; the peons, or laboring classes, whose interests are the same; and the professional politicians, who, in Cuba as in the United States, hope to make their living out of public life. The first class comprises all the Spaniards and nearly all of the white Cubans, with many of the mixed races. The second class consists of the negroes and most of the mixed bloods who are not possessed of property or education, and in considering them it must be remembered that it is not yet fifteen years since slavery was abolished in the island. The third class is recruited from the Cubans and colored people. All of its members were revolutionists, but not all revolutionists belong to it.

In considering the Cuban question we must never forget that the Cuban conception of government is not at all like that of the Anglo-Saxon. They have been schooled in Spanish administration for four hundred years, and their idea of "Cuba Libre" is not of "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people," but a government of the people by the rulers and for the benefit of the rulers. In short, the third class, enumerated above, desire simply to put themselves in the place of the Spaniards and administer the revenues for their own benefit. This class is not sufficiently numerous to be dangerous, were it not for their influence over others. They are re-enforced, first, by those who have a natural patriotic pride in their native land, men in whom sentiment overbalances reason,

and to whom "Free Cuba" appeals as an ideal to be attained, but who do not appreciate the difficulties that beset the attainment. This class is, in my judgment, very small among the intelligent people. The danger lies in a second re-enforcement from the ignorant, poverty-stricken peons—negroes and mixed races, whose abject poverty and sufferings have made them ready tools for adventurers and agitators.

Now, as to the "consent of the governed." The first class named above, the thrifty, enterprising owners of property, the business and professional men who expect a living and prosperity from private life, are unanimously in favor of the continued control by the United States, and they prefer a military to a civil government. I talked with very many and found them almost entirely agreed upon this subject. Their reasons are two-fold: First, they believe that the government will thus be more honestly administered. Their experience with the regular army has led them to admire and trust the army officer. They fear that in a civil government politics in the States may play too prominent a part, and that the officials appointed for political reasons will, like the old Spanish officers, seek their "reward" in peculation, bribery, and favoritism. Secondly, they know that in the revolutionary element there will be for years a latent danger, and that prompt repressive measures, such as martial law only recognizes, may occasionally be necessary. (Did I need to establish this point I could give many incidents in the administration of the past year which they related to me, and which prove the advantages of military rule. In fact, each statement I have made in regard to the character of the inhabitants is founded upon facts that were brought to my knowledge, but the limits of this article preclude the marshaling of my witnesses.)

The second class into which I have divided the people, the peons, have no conception of free government as understood with us. Their motives are found in physical feeling or sentimental excitement. They may become tools of agitators, but if they are comfortably clothed, fed, and housed, their natural indolence will prevent them from being dangerous. They are no more fit for self-government than a lot of ten-year-old boys are to manage a school. And this class, it should be remembered, is a majority of the people. The third class, those who wish to administer the government and take the place of the Spanish officials in the lucrative offices are all opposed to United States control, and are cunningly manipulating matters to make the United States government as offensive as possible. Yet, even this class prefer the military to the civil government, for the reason that they regard it as more temporary.

Our duty to Cuba, to ourselves, and to civilization, it seems to me, lies along the line of a just, kind, impartial, and yet strict government of the island, until a period is reached when a majority of the people shall have become educated in American ideas of schools, sanitation, and individual thrift. To this end we should see to it that the English language is taught to every child. The Cuban politicians are averse to this, and at heart are opposed to any scheme of public education. The secretaries that General Brooke constituted as his advisers are throwing numberless obstacles in the way of such an education, and the intelligent Cubans have been earnestly protesting against the influence they are exerting. That influence should be abolished.

Of course a training in citizenship should go on coincident with other educational work. But this can best be accomplished through the municipal governments. The municipalities are on the Chicago plan—they include the surrounding country; so that the whole island is embraced within the boundaries of its cities and villages, so to speak, and the municipal elections give every voter a chance. But these elections and the acts of their officials should be subject to United States supervision, or abuses of every kind will abound. Offices will be doubled and salaries increased, while schools and sanitation will be neglected.

As to the best person for military Governor, I am thoroughly convinced that from personal fitness and from experience General Wood is the man. All the department generals have done well. General Wilson, in particular, has accomplished much in successful administration; but no other has been brought in such close contact with the dangerous elements as has General Wood. Santiago and Puerto Principe, which constitute his department, are more than half the island in area, and contained three-fourths of the numbers and nine-tenths of the "fight" of the revolutionists. It was from their factnesses that the soldiers were recruited, and in them they were concealed. General Gomez himself said that the only way he could force the Cubans in other parts of the island to join his army was by burning their houses and destroying their crops—like Regulus burning his ships.

Now, General Wood has dealt with these classes firmly, justly, kindly, and severely, as occasion needs, until they respect him and honor Americans in him. His promptness, energy, decision, and strong common sense, combined with kindness of heart and inflexible justice, will make him a successful military Governor. He can neither be deceived, cajoled, nor bullied from a steadfast course that would administer the affairs in the best interest of Cuba, the United States, and humanity. Though the "governed" may not all "consent" at first, the wise and patriotic will assent; and the people of Cuba will at length become fitted intelligently to determine whether they desire to remain wards of this nation, or become part of the United States, or attempt an independent government.

CHARLES T. ANDREWS.

[NOTE.—Mr. Andrews is the editor of the *Seneca County Courier*. He was formerly a teacher and superintendent of schools, and was appointed by the Secretary of State of New York as his agent to deliver the registry-lists, poll-books, and ballots for the New York State soldiers at the army posts in Cuba and Porto Rico. Mr. Andrews is a veteran journalist, a trained observer, and a careful writer.—EDITOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY.]

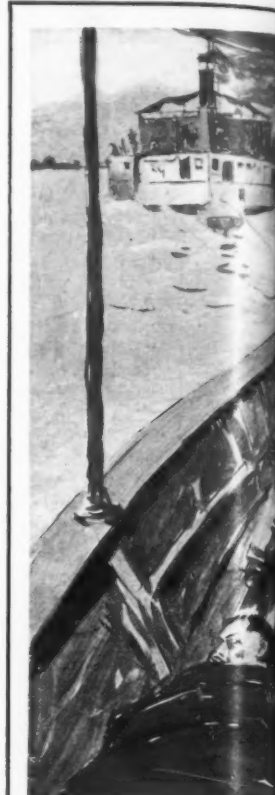
## Eight American Beauties.

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GENERAL LAWTON SUPERVISING THE DEPARTURE OF HIS TROOPS ON THE SANTA CRUZ EXPEDITION.



GENERAL LAWTON

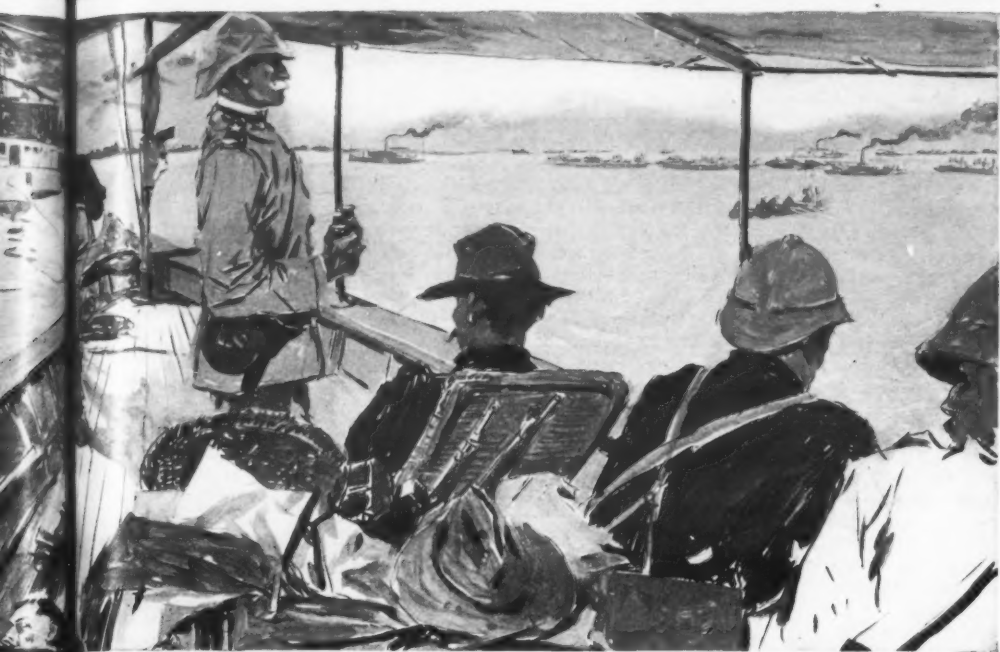


THE DEATH OF GENERAL LAWTON AT SAN MATEO.—HE DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY.

ONE OF GENERAL LAWTON'S TROOPS

THE SANTA CRUZ EXPEDITION, WHICH HE CARRIED OUT WITH MAGNIFICENT AND IN W





GENERAL LAWTON ON HIS LAUNCH ENTERING LAGUNA DE BAY WITH HIS TROOPS AND CASCOES FOLLOWING.



THE MONUMENT TO AGUINALDO, AT PAGSANJAN.



PICKING UP THE FILIPINO DEAD AND WOUNDED AFTER THE BLOODY BATTLE OF SANTA CRUZ.



GENERAL LAWTON FEARLESSLY LEADING HIS TROOPS, UNDER FIRE, ACROSS THE IRON BRIDGE LEADING TO SANTA CRUZ.

ONST NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENTS.

AND IN WHICH HE OVERWHELMINGLY DEFEATED THE FILIPINOS.—[SEE PAGE 10.]



# GENERAL LAWTON AS WARRIOR, STATESMAN, AND MAN.

ELOQUENT TRIBUTES FROM PRESIDENT SCHURMAN, OF THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION, AND THE REV. PETER MACQUEEN.  
A HERO WHOM THE NATION MOURNS.

I REMEMBER well the day the transport brought General Lawton into the harbor of Manila. I happened to be lunching with Admiral Dewey on the *Olympia*, and the transport passed so close by our port-holes that we could almost recognize the individuals on the deck. The admiral immediately ordered the band to play "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night," which had come to be regarded as the American national air in the Philippines. Next day I called upon the general and Mrs. Lawton, with both of whom I had very intimate and delightful relations in the months which followed. And it was with the keenest sense of personal loss and sorrow that I learned that General Lawton was no more.

What a splendid man he was! Very tall and of commanding presence, erect, full of nervous energy, tireless, indomitable, he seemed like a very force of nature. No work wearied him; no task was too great for him. Where others needed time for preparation he was ready on a moment's notice. Even the lack of means which prudence might prescribe as essential for the attainment of ends would not deter him from undertaking them, and what Lawton undertook everybody felt he would succeed in doing. As examples, I may mention his expedition last spring to Santa Cruz and the eastern end of the Laguna de Bay, and the still more astonishing expedition immediately after to San Isidro, in the province of Nueva Ecija, in which, without roads and with almost no transportation, he made his way with a small force for seventy miles in the heart of the enemy's country.

His similar achievements in the province of Cavité at a later date, when with only a hundred men he held at bay 2,000 Tagalogs on the bridge of the Zapote River, and with a re-enforcement of marines finally routed them, will never be forgotten by those who saw or heard the immediate descriptions of Lawton



J. G. SCHURMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION, AND OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

mounted on his huge charger, with his white helmet a mark for every sharpshooter, calmly leading his men, and encouraging, exhorting, or otherwise influencing them when they showed symptoms of demoralization and wanted to retreat. But his soldiers believed in him, and the very fact that Lawton was their leader was itself a victory-bringing re-enforcement. So it was always. He was a dashing, irresistible fighter, who never lost his head—at once the inspiration of his own men and the terror of the enemy.

But his brothers-in-arms will do fuller justice than I can do in this hastily-penned tribute to Lawton's achievements as a soldier and commander. It is, however, within my own experience to add that as the army in the Philippines longed for his coming, so they received him with unbounded confidence and paid him to the end loyal and unwavering homage. It was a fine example of the influence of personality, of the way in which one man diffuses himself through thousands, and without diminution of his own power communicates to every one within the circle of his influence a new and larger force. Equally I may be allowed to say that Lawton was an object of terror to the insurgents and of confidence to the Filipino people. They felt and recognized his greatness, and they realized that the victorious general was also a wise and humane man.

It is this side of Lawton's character on which I delight to dwell. While we had no greater fighter in the Philippines, it is also true that Lawton, like his colleague, General MacArthur, was a great lover of peace and concord, and believed that war, if necessary, was only one of the instruments to be used in the pacification of the Filipinos. He discerned that we should have not only to subdue the insurgents by force of arms, but also to satisfy the intelligence and aspirations of the Philippine

peoples in the matter of civil and political rights and the exercise of autonomous governments. And no sooner had he wrested towns and provinces from the grip of the insurgents than he put forth the most strenuous efforts to secure the people in their persons and property, punishing severely any of his own soldiers who might be guilty of even petty offenses against the Filipinos, so that the latter should realize that the American flag meant equal justice to natives and to Americans. He encouraged them to set up municipal governments, so far as possible leaving municipal affairs in the hands of the natives.

And what he did in this way for these towns he desired done throughout the entire archipelago. He believed as I believe that the suppression of the insurrection and the conferring of civil and political rights on the inhabitants should go hand in hand. Great fighter though he was, he clearly recognized that military government could never satisfy the aspirations of the people, and he discerned, too, that it was not only humane in itself and just to them, but prudent policy on the part of the American authorities to demonstrate to the Filipinos that our sovereignty had no object but their good, that our interests lay in their happiness, and that, far from desiring to limit the field of their political action, we wished to extend it to the utmost possible reach of their capacities. For Lawton the flag meant peace, order, justice, and self-government in the Philippines. And he knew human nature well enough to recognize that the latter cannot permanently be separated from the other three, and is from the beginning more wisely cultivated and developed in connection with them.

As I said before, I love to think that this splendid embodiment of the military power of the United States in the Philippines was also the champion and advocate of the spirit of conciliation. Since Americans and Filipinos must in the meantime live and walk together, Lawton insisted that from the very outset there should be mutual understanding and sympathy, and the appreciation and forbearance which these inevitably entail.

I have said something of Lawton as a warrior and statesman in the Philippines. Back of all remains the man. He was open as the day, absolutely without guile, an ingenuous and transparent soul. He was true as steel, so that friends and acquaintances anchored to him. A man of the purest honor and integrity, you knew that though he was subject to our mortal weaknesses he could do nothing unworthy. His officers admired and loved him. It would not be proper to draw the veil from the privacy of that domestic life which he enjoyed in Manila. But I may be excused for saying that it was a home full of sunshine and of innocent and natural enjoyment. The heart of the American people will go out in sympathy to the sorrow-stricken widow and the fatherless children over whose bright lives this great and mournful eclipse has come.

And with the sympathy of the American people they will at least have the consolation of remembering that the hero fell in the place which in conflict he had always chosen for his own—at the front of his ranks and in the eye of danger. Yet one cannot help feeling regret that our hero's work was so prematurely cut short, and that he has not been spared to fulfill the great duty which awaits us in the Philippines—the pacifying of the inhabitants, the binding up of their wounds, and the establishment under the stars and stripes of that golden age of liberty and justice for which the Filipinos have still to look forward.

J. G. SCHURMAN,  
Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

## With Lawton at Santa Cruz.

THE EXPEDITION TO SANTA CRUZ AND BEYOND—SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN A BRIEF BUT NOTABLE CAMPAIGN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

WHEN General Henry W. Lawton fell dead before his men on the firing-line at San Mateo, with an insurgent bullet in his breast, the United States lost not only one of the pillars of its strength in the Philippines, but one of the truest soldiers and most able and valiant leaders who ever served under its flag. General Lawton was a veteran whose service in arms ran back through some of the greatest battles of the Civil War, but his strong qualities as a soldier came out most conspicuously in the brilliant and successful campaign which he led against the Apache chief, Geronimo, in 1886. When the war with Spain broke out he was soon in the thick of things, as his habit was, and won new laurels for himself in the sharp and decisive battle at El Caney, and in other engagements.

Fresh from the scenes of strife and victory around Santiago, Lawton went to the Philippines to lead again the boys in blue into the smoke of conflict. From the time of his arrival at the islands, in February, 1898, until his lamented death on December 19th, he was, constantly in the field of action—here, there, and everywhere—moving rapidly and striking quick, decisive blows after the fashion which he had learned so well in the border wars of the West. It was not long after his arrival that he was ordered to lead the expedition which resulted in the capture of Santa Cruz, on April 10th, 1898.

Santa Cruz is the capital of the province of Laguna, and it lies on the west shore of the bay of that name, about thirty miles from Manila as the crow flies, or about forty miles by the nearest land route. This city was one of the main strongholds of the insurgents at the outset, and repeated attacks made upon our lines from that point had rendered it advisable to reduce the town to subjection. An advance upon Santa Cruz would also cut in between the forces of the insurgent general, Pilar, and those of Aguinaldo, and would help, it was believed, to weaken the enemy's line of defense. A staff artist and correspondent of *LESIE'S WEEKLY* accompanied General Lawton's column in this movement, and we are thus able to present some new and striking sketches illustrative of the scenes and incidents of that notable episode in the life of the fallen hero.

The troops, numbering altogether over 2,000 men, left Manila on April 8th and landed from their cascos next day on the shore

of the bay about two miles above Santa Cruz, under a brisk fire from the enemy. An advance was made at once to the outskirts of the city. Early on the morning of the 10th the movement on Santa Cruz itself began, the troops crossing the narrow stream in front of the town at several points, in the face of a spirited and determined resistance. General Lawton, as usual, commanded in person at the most dangerous and critical point on the line of attack, this being at the bridge shown in our sketch, leading to the principal street and the heart of the town. Company G, of the Fourteenth Infantry, were the men who crossed this bridge with him, and they met with a hot fire every step of the way. But the insurgents fell back before the steady advance of our men, and were soon retreating from Santa Cruz through the swamps that stretch westward from the town, while General Lawton took up his quarters for a time in the mayor's palace.

The next day our troops moved on in the direction of Pagsanjan, noting as they went the bodies of numbers of the insurgents who had perished in the swamp between Santa Cruz and that town.

The expedition terminated at Paete, about ten miles farther up the island. While the troops halted here an event occurred characteristic of General Lawton's peculiar methods of action. Accompanied by several members of his staff, he went out from Paete on a scouting expedition, his whereabouts during the two following days being wholly unknown to any one at Paete. On his return the troops were ordered by General Otis back to Manila.

Several times during this incursion into the enemy's country General Lawton exhibited those traits of independence and resourcefulness which made him so efficient and successful in every campaign he undertook. At one point in the advance beyond Pagsanjan it became necessary to signal to the gun-boats in the bay, and General Lawton performed this service himself, ascending to the top of a church-tower for the purpose. He was always doing unexpected things, and his men were always kept on the *qui vive*, not knowing what sudden move their intrepid leader might be making next. He was a strict disciplinarian, and worked his men up to their full limit of endurance, but as he imposed no tasks nor sacrifices on them that he was not ready and willing to bear himself, they admired and loved him and were prompt to follow wherever he led the way.

Our full-page sketch represents General Lawton and his staff, the British consul at Manila, and our artist and correspondent, standing under the arch of the principal street entering Pagsanjan. The British consul acted as the interpreter and guide on this expedition. One of the interesting objects seen in Pagsanjan was a memorial stone erected in the market square containing four inscriptions, as follows:

"Alos Martiris de la Patria."

"Proclamacion de la Independencia, 12 Julio, 29 Sept. 1898."

"A. L. Liberador de Filipinas. E. Aguinaldo."

"Pa Gsanguen a la Libertad, 14 Novembre, 1896, 11 Junio, 1898."

This was evidently a monument erected by the insurgent leader to signalize various important events in what he doubtless fondly hoped would mark a successful struggle for a dictatorship in the Philippines.

## Lawton the Fighter.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY THE REV. PETER MACQUEEN  
OF THE NOBLE SOLDIER ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS., December 23d, 1899.—I feel that the death of General Lawton is a personal affliction. He was, to my thinking, the best and noblest soldier in the army. Everybody liked him, all the reporters praised him. The soldiers held him in their highest regard. All officers are not popular around the camp-fire. This man was. "Wait till Lawton comes," said the husky volunteer from the West; "he'll rip this insurrection up the back." At Santa Cruz Lawton charged across the bridge at the head of the men himself. Most generals have their headquarters a mile behind the firing-lines. Lawton's headquarters was usually a mile ahead of the firing-line.

I saw him wade the Norzagary River where other men were swept away by the current. At this point he had been two days without food. He had a wet sandwich in his pocket and sat down on the bank of the river to eat his humble fare. That night I sent him down a chicken which I had picked up in my foraging tour, and the British consul, who was with him, told me that he paid the natives full price for it. This shows that Lawton was very careful in his dealings with the natives. Major Edwards, the adjutant, called us reporters up one day and asked us if we had receipts for all the chickens which we had. There was a twinkle in his eye as we told him that the owners of the chickens had gone away before we were able to get a receipt. But all these incidents show how strict General Lawton was in his endeavors to have the natives treated kindly. He had great hopes for the Filipinos. The last time I saw him, he said to me: "I have met men and women among the Filipinos who would grace society in any country in the world. I predict that when peace comes and the liberal government which the Americans will give these people, that they will be one of the most peaceful, prosperous, thrifty races on the globe."

There are no words with heart enough and soul enough to praise this noble, generous man. He was as brave as Achilles and as modest as a girl. Of all the generals in the Philippines, Lawton has done the most to quell the insurrection. He dealt the heaviest blows to the enemy in the field, and yet he was the most thoughtful of non-combatants when the fight was over. His first expedition was to Laguna de Bay. On that occasion he was the first to cross the Lumban River—rowing himself over in a canoe. In five days he took the towns of Santa Cruz, Pagsanjan, Lumban, Loños, and Paete. He captured six small gun-boats of the enemy, and did this with a loss of only five or six men. His next expedition was his famous march to San Isidro. Oftentimes, on this famous campaign, Lawton



would take the rifle from the palsied hand of a dying soldier and keep on firing in the soldier's place. One day we lost twelve out of twenty carabao bulls, who were dragging the provision wagons, and Lawton discovered that we had a wagon-load of Apollinaris water. When Lawton was told that this was for the officers he said, "I am an officer, and I want none of this nonsense on the battle-field. Off with it." The luxury was thrown out on the fields.

In Lawton's Paranaque campaign he brought his cannon up to within forty yards of the Filipino trenches. It was at Zapote Bridge, near Paranaque, that Lawton met Pio del Pilar in a terrible life-and-death battle. He told me afterward that Pilar's men had given him the hardest tussle of his life. In looking over my papers to-day I find the following entry for June 11th, 1899: "At about three o'clock in the afternoon, General Wheaton's brigade, headed by General Lawton, who, in his white clothing and helmet, on a big, black horse, was a shining mark for the enemy's sharpshooters, circled to the south of Las Pinas, encountering a large force of Filipinos among the trees. General Lawton had a narrow escape. In the first volley of the enemy the horses of three officers near the general were shot from under them. General Lawton was often begged not to wear a white helmet and light clothes, but he wore them every day. His position on the firing-line, however, was not a reckless one. It was the ideal bravery of a perfect soldier. He wished to be upon the ground himself, so that he could the better place his attack.

At Las Pinas, Otis kept telegraphing him; but no one was able to find the general. At last a message came from the "palace": "Where is Lawton?" The grizzly fighter sent back in reply: "At the front firing-line with his men, where he ought to be."

He was an ideal man in his family. Mrs. Lawton is one of the most charming women in Manila. She is the leading American woman in the Philippines to-day. In all good, kind, true and tender ways she is the best friend the soldiers have. She has organized a committee of ladies to do volunteer Red Cross work in the hospitals of Manila. Many a poor soldier will mourn with this devoted wife. Mrs. Lawton is exceedingly popular with the American ladies of Manila. She is an ideal wife and mother. With her children, three girls and a boy, she is to be seen driving out each day on the Luneta. The Lawtons drive in a plain American carriage, with far less pomp and pride than many a second-lieutenant. Her little boy has followed his father to the firing-lines quite often. When Wheaton was besieging Pasig, Lawton came up from Manila with his son to inspect the lines. As the bullets were hissing all around I heard the little fellow ask, "Papa, where are all these stinging-bees?"

For about three weeks I was with Lawton on the firing-lines. He was such a mark for bullets that I finally concluded to go back with the artillery and write memoirs. A week later I met the general, and he inquired: "Where have you been?" "Back there writing a book," I replied. He laughed, and said: "I notice that you literary men have lots to write about when things get hot up here."

I shall long remember Lawton. He was a kind, good friend to me. Full many a cheering word of his I keep among my treasures. His modesty and manliness shall live with me like sweet forget-me-nots in Memory's garden. The noble gentleman, who is to-day a widow in that far-off land, will have the heart-beating sympathy of every American man and woman in the world. She often was with her heroic husband on the firing-lines. It was the glory of Lawton and his wife to exhibit in their domestic affection the simple, honest traits which make the republic great. In the fierce tide of battle, in the wild bivouac of life, I shall esteem it as an honor to the end of my days that I have known this truly American family. Their courage, constancy, and love were shining traits in Manila society. Even in the chaos of martial law this tender home of Lawton grew like a root of roses growing undefiled amid the riot of a battle-field.

PETER MACQUEEN.

## The Drama—Bob Hilliard's Hit.

BEYOND doubt the most laughter-provoking attraction in New York is "Wheels within Wheels," at the Madison Square Theatre. It is an English comedy which had a brilliant run in London, and was written by R. C. Carton, whose work is especially remembered because of the excellent reception of his "Lord and Lady Algy" last season at the Empire. The cast of "Wheels within Wheels" is unusually small, and it is not disparaging to any members of the company to say that the success of the performance depends mainly upon Miss Hilda Spong, the brilliant young Australian actress, who is clearly destined for still greater things, and Mr. Robert C. Hilliard, who in this play has created one of the most original characters seen on our stage since Sothern's famous success as *Lord Dundreary*.

Miss Spong has a most attractive appearance, and a smile which alone would win her a fortune on or off the stage. Her voice is mellow, her presence gracious, and her acting perfect. She made her first appearance on the stage while but a miss in Sydney, Australia, ten years ago, in "Joseph's Sweetheart," and her subsequent successes were in "As You Like It," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "An Unequal Match," and "Sweet Lavender." She was an immediate success in London, where she appeared at the Drury Lane Theatre in the "Duchess of Coolgardie," "The Two Little Vagabonds," and "Trelawney of the Wells." In the last-mentioned play she attracted the alert and artistic eye of Mr. Daniel Frohman, who attached her to his famous Lyceum Company in this city, with which she appeared in one of the most striking parts in "Trelawney of the Wells" all last winter.

Robert Cochran Hilliard is perhaps the best-known actor on the American stage, not only because of his ability, but also because, being a born New-Yorker, he has created his greatest successes here, and attracted a personal following which few other actors possess. A following in New York City obviously includes a following in every other great American city, and that is precisely what Mr. Hilliard has won. His career is eventful. Receiving an academic education at an English school in Canada, he came back to New York to enter a mercantile employment at the age of seventeen, finally drifting into

a responsible place in Wall Street, where he ultimately became the confidential manager for Edward Brandon, one of the largest operators on the Street.

Becoming interested in amateur theatricals, Mr. Hilliard was chosen president of the Gilbert Society, of Brooklyn, and its active leading man as well, playing with Miss Edith Kingdon, now Mrs. George J. Gould, while they were both promising members of this well-known amateur association. Mr. Hilliard made his debut in 1886, in "False Shame," at the Criterion Theatre in Brooklyn, of which he was, at that time, manager. During his management Lester Wallack played his last engagement in "Rosedale," at the Criterion. Mr. Hilliard was for some years under the special instruction of the late Matilda Heron, and he speaks most gratefully of the debt he owes to her superior instruction, influence, and interest. So successful was Mr. Hilliard as a professional actor that he finally severed his connection with Wall Street and devoted himself entirely to the stage. He still recalls, with a smile, the fact that during his last four years on the Street he enjoyed an average annual income of \$22,000 from his successful speculations, while during his first year upon the stage he earned exactly \$700, receiving only \$400, the balance still remaining due.

But everything has its compensations, as Mr. Hilliard discovered when he made \$11,000 in sixteen weeks, out of his own dramatization of Richard Harding Davis's story, "The Littlest Girl," and, in this connection, it is interesting to disclose that at the conclusion of Mr. Hilliard's special engagement at the Madison Square, he is to prepare for the stage, under the sole authority which he has received from Mr. Davis, a dramatization of the latter's famous "Vanbibber and Other Stories." Mr. Hilliard's most notable successes have been while he was playing as leading man with Nat Goodwin, with Mrs. Langtry, and John Stetson. He will be remembered especially for his success in "Blue Jeans," in "The Mummy," and in "Sporting Life." Of the last-mentioned play he was half owner, starring in the leading rôle. In this venture he made \$28,000. It was only by a narrow chance that Mr. Hilliard did not secure the American rights for "Wheels within Wheels." While visiting the Court Square Theatre in London with Mrs. Hilliard last summer, to see this comedy, he was so impressed with it that he undertook to purchase the American rights, but was told that the enterprising Frohmans were ahead of him. He dismissed the matter from his mind until a telegram from Mr. Daniel Frohman reached him at Saratoga Springs, inviting him to take the part of "Jim" Bladgen. All who have witnessed this remarkable performance agree that Mr. Frohman, as well as Mr. Hilliard, were fortunate in the connection that was thus made. "Wheels within Wheels" bids fair to run the entire season without much oiling.

JASON.

## Hints to Money-Flakers.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

No one should have been surprised at the recent slump in the stock market. Observant men saw what was coming long ago, and the readers of this column will mark that I predicted it at the very height of the bull movement, in midsummer, when the New York banks became seriously overloaded with loans and had crowded their surplus down to the danger point. Since that time the banks have been laboring vigorously to reduce their loans and increase their surplus. They have been compelled to discriminate against the industrials, which were offered as collateral, and everybody active in the Street has known of this discrimination and of the obvious and natural results that would follow. Stocks that cannot be freely used as collateral are always in more or less disfavor, and until the industrials are in stronger demand with the public and with the banks, they will sell comparatively lower than railroad stocks and bonds yielding the same returns.

Furthermore, when apparently no one else was writing about or considering it, I warned my readers that the money market abroad was in bad shape, and that higher rates of interest in Berlin would be followed by higher rates in London and Paris. This is, perhaps, the most important factor to day, and the high rates in Europe not only deprive us of the gold imports that are our due, but also force us to export gold which we cannot too easily spare. In these days of quick communication between financial centres, the pulses of Wall Street throb in unison with those of London, Berlin, Paris, and Vienna. We are having tight money the world over, and not far off we can foresee over-production again, and also over-speculation. These always lead to one climax, and that is liquidation in the stock market and a decline in stock values.

Those who thought last winter that the mania for buying stocks on any "tip" that was offered would continue forever have learned what every experienced man on Wall Street knew, and that is that a reaction must come, sooner or later. The sudden rise in the rate of money predicates an equally sudden fall in the prices of all commodities that have gone up too rapidly, stocks and bonds included. As abnormal cheapness of money stimulated speculation, so abnormal dearthness will lead to liquidation. This much is to be said, however, that we are better off than other nations, and the passage of the sound-currency bill, and the accumulation of a surplus in the Federal Treasury will do much toward maintaining our commercial supremacy and business prosperity.

"W. R. H." Providence, R. I.: I think well of all the stocks you mention at the prices given, and think still better of them, excepting the steel stocks, should there be a further decline.

"Believer," Omaha, Neb.: I agree with you that at the depressed prices the common stocks of the National Steel, American Steel and Wire, and American Steel Hoop afford a profitable field for speculation for a short time to come.

"W. M.," Manchester, N. H., writes to ask if the answer to "M. Manchester, N. H.," in the *WEEKLY* of December 23d was in reply to his query. It was. Most of my readers request that only the last initial of their name be used. I always comply with such requests.

"M.," Buffalo, N. Y.: What are known as the Pacific stocks—Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, Missouri Pacific, and Pacific Mail—offer a fertile field for speculation, but I would take only the preferred of the first two for investment. Union Pacific would be my choice. For speculation, Missouri Pacific, Texas Pacific, or Pacific Mail.

"T.," Tupper Lake, N. Y.: I thank you for your appreciative words. The financial column was omitted from the Christmas edition because the contents of that edition were meant to partake more or less of a

holiday character. (2) I would not advise the short sales of any stocks in such periods of depression, though the bears will no doubt make the most money at intervals during the new year.

"Great Bear," St. Louis, Mo.: I would not advise you to sell Missouri Pacific short. I regard this stock as one of the best bargains offered during the decline, and those who picked it up, paid for it, and put it away "for keeps," will, in my judgment, double their money. I do not mean that they will double it right away, but the time is coming when Missouri Pacific will be a dividend-payer, and we all know what that means in the stock market.

"Investor," Lowell, Mass.: The reason why I predicted the crash in the copper stocks so long ago was because Boston speculators were notoriously exploiting not only good earning copper properties, but a lot of mere prospects—holes in the ground, that every miner knew were gambles pure and simple. The shrinkage of \$200,000,000 in the copper shares dealt in on the Boston exchange is therefore not surprising. I have advised my readers constantly and persistently not to be tempted by the copper boomers, no matter what Tom Lawson or any one else said.

"Trustee," Newark, N. J.: I think the stock of the reorganized Pullman company will be a good investment. While Mr. Pullman's death is a serious loss, it must be borne in mind that the new company will be largely in the control of Vanderbilt interests, which means that the influence of Dr. W. Seward Webb, for many years president of the Wagner Company, will still be potential. Dr. Webb's extraordinary success in rejuvenating the old Wagner company and making it one of the best of the Vanderbilt properties justifies me in the prediction that he has the practical experience to more than fill Mr. Pullman's place.

"Britisher," Montreal: You are correct. Several of the best financial writers on the London press fear that a number of heavy failures may occur in England before the present excitement is over. The condition of the money market in all the great European centres has been very unfavorable, and no doubt this fact has had an influence in depressing prices on our stock exchange. (2) For the fourth time the Federal Treasury has endeavored to relieve the congested condition of the New York money market. What else it can do, I cannot say. Its resources are now practically exhausted. I look for tight money for some little time to come, and a fluctuating market, with more or less liquidation, though an advance from the extreme low prices of the depression is clearly to be expected.

"H.," Boston: I appreciate your letter. The advice I gave against the purchase of Sugar so long ago is precisely the advice I give now. If you are bound to buy some of it for investment, take the preferred. I was told when the sugar war broke out that Mr. Havemeyer was determined to fight it to a finish, because he believed that if he bought out the opposition he would put a premium on new oppositions. Unless he changes his mind, sugar stock should sell still lower. It must not be lost sight of that one of the directors of the American Sugar Company, who recently retired, declared that none of the sugar companies had been earning money, and that therefore any dividends that they had paid must have been paid from their surplus. This is the most significant statement made since the breaking out of the sugar war. Of course those who gamble in stocks sometimes purposely give out false information. It is possible that extraordinary and unforeseen circumstances will enter into the sugar contest and operate favorably on the stock. But at this writing they are not in sight.

JASPER.

### For Nervous Exhaustion

#### Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. A. L. TURNER, Bloomsburg Sanitarium, Philadelphia, Penn., says: "As an adjunct to the recuperative powers of the nervous system, I know of nothing equal to it."

### Food for Babies

must be nourishing and suitable, and by "suitable food" is meant a food which a child will properly digest and assimilate. Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for forty years has been the leading infant food. Book entitled "Babies" sent free.

## Dr. Dys' Toilet Sachets.

AMONG Dr. Dys' aesthetic products, which are prepared in Paris by V. Darsy, 54 Faubourg St. Honoré, the most important are his Toilet Sachets. These Sachets contain crushed seeds and flower petals which spread into the toilet water a balmy milk. These Toilet Sachets insure freshness to the young and revive tired features. V. Darsy, of Paris, has a branch in New York at 123 East Twenty-sixth Street.

## A Scientific Report on Coffee

SHOWS IT CAN BE USED BY SOME, AND IS A POISON TO OTHERS.

A GENTLEMAN connected with the Newberry Library, Chicago, has gone very carefully through the medical department, consulting and compiling from the best works of this country and abroad, on the value of coffee.

There is abundance of evidence to show that in some cases coffee, used as a stimulant, is of advantage, while with many human systems it is a decided poison which will build up chronic conditions of disease if made use of steadily.

The investigator writes: "We have used for years your Postum Food Coffee, and found nothing to fill its place." Among his quotations appears the following:

"One of the highest authorities in *Materia Medica* and Therapeutics in England, says: 'Caffeine, which is the stimulating part of coffee, is, in general terms, a stimulant first, and subsequently a paralyzant to the nerve centres in the cerebellum, medulla, and spinal cord.'

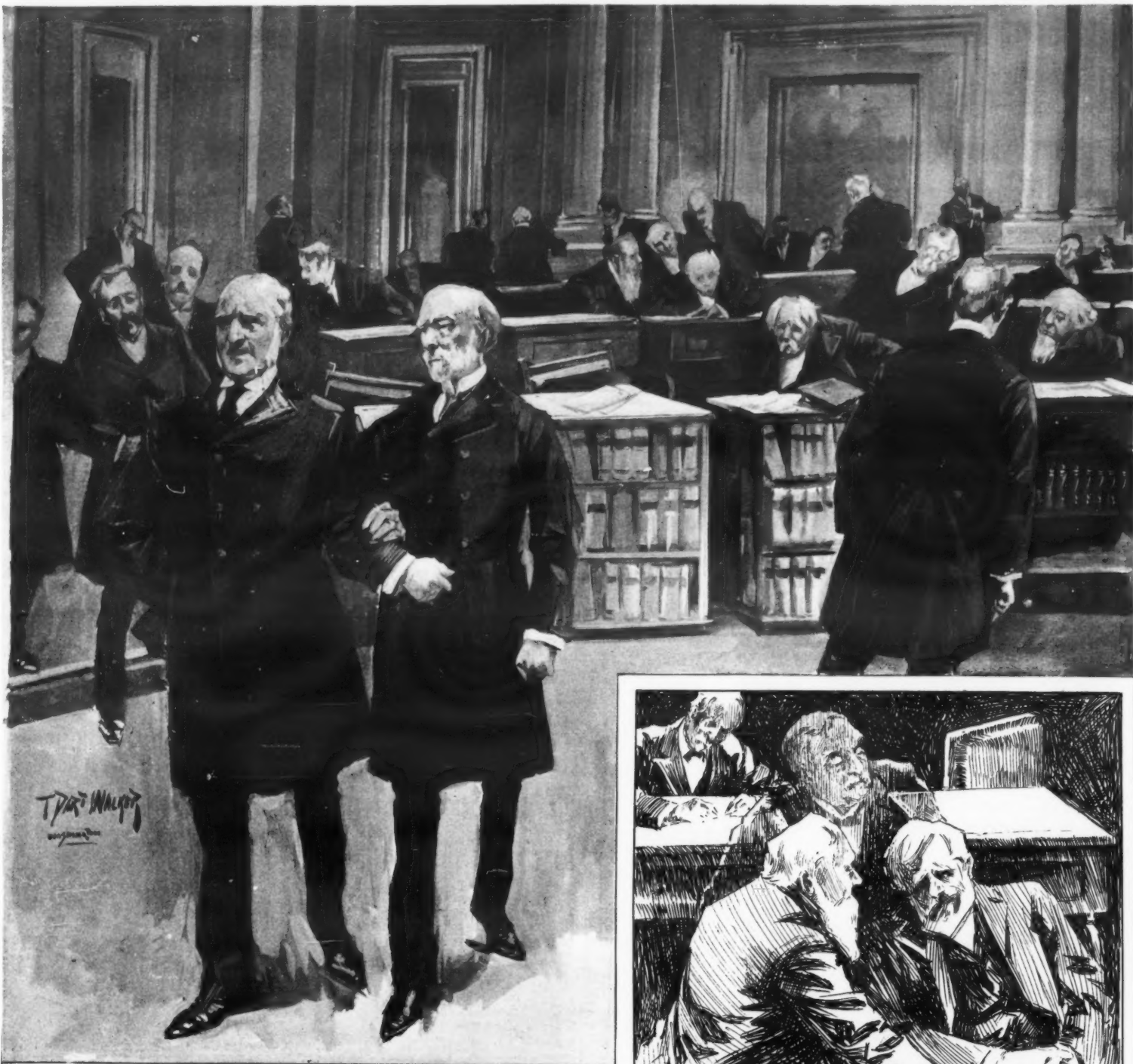
"In small doses it quickens the activity of the heart and raises arterial tension. Larger doses often over-stimulate the cerebral circulation, causing great heaviness of the head, flashes of light before the eyes, insomnia, restlessness, and even delirium. Administered in sufficient quantity, it would doubtless prove fatal to man."

"To thousands of people, coffee, of which caffeine is its chemical structure, is therefore a poison. Languor, restlessness, and prostration follow as a result in the system when the habit of its continuance is acquired. This is followed by muscular tremor and sometimes dizziness, with nervous dyspepsia and insomnia; in fact, a train of depressing ails frequently not traceable to the beverage which never inebriates, but is in reality the source."

The gentleman concludes his long and very interesting paper on the subject with the statement: "Companies similar to that of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, are to be multiplied and stand as benefactors of the race. Whatever our personal preferences, let us not class these changes in dietary to peculiar views and theories, but rather as generally recognized and accepted truths, a valuable acquisition of progress and investigation, scientific and philanthropic."

The rapid pace lived by American brain-workers has forced them to seek food and drink that quickly and surely rebuild the exhausted energies, and such people as a rule feel the disastrous effects of a continued use of coffee. It is to furnish this class of people with correct food and drink, selected and manufactured in the most scientific manner, that Postum Cereal Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts have been placed on the market. All first-class grocers furnish these.





SENATOR PLATT INTRODUCING MR. DEPEW



THE LUXURIOUS DIVANS IN THE REAR OF THE SENATE.



ROSS AND ALLISON CONFERRING OVER THE SHADOWNY QUAY CASE.



KENTUCKY'S LAUGHING SENATOR, LINDSAY.



SENATOR VEST, MEDITATING.



FAIRBANKS, OF INDIANA, LISTENING.



STEWART'S CHARACTERISTIC POSE.

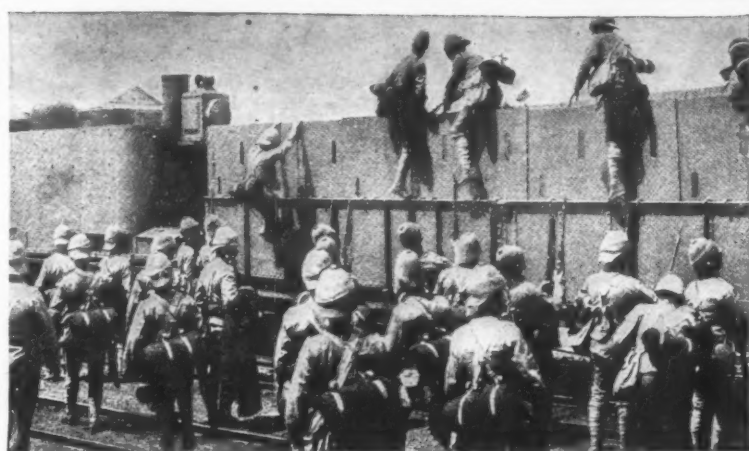


STEWART, OF NEVADA, SPEAKING.

### OPENING OF THE ANNUAL SESSION OF CONGRESS.

MEN PROMINENT IN PUBLIC LIFE SKETCHED IN CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES ON THE FLOOR OF THE SENATE.—BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

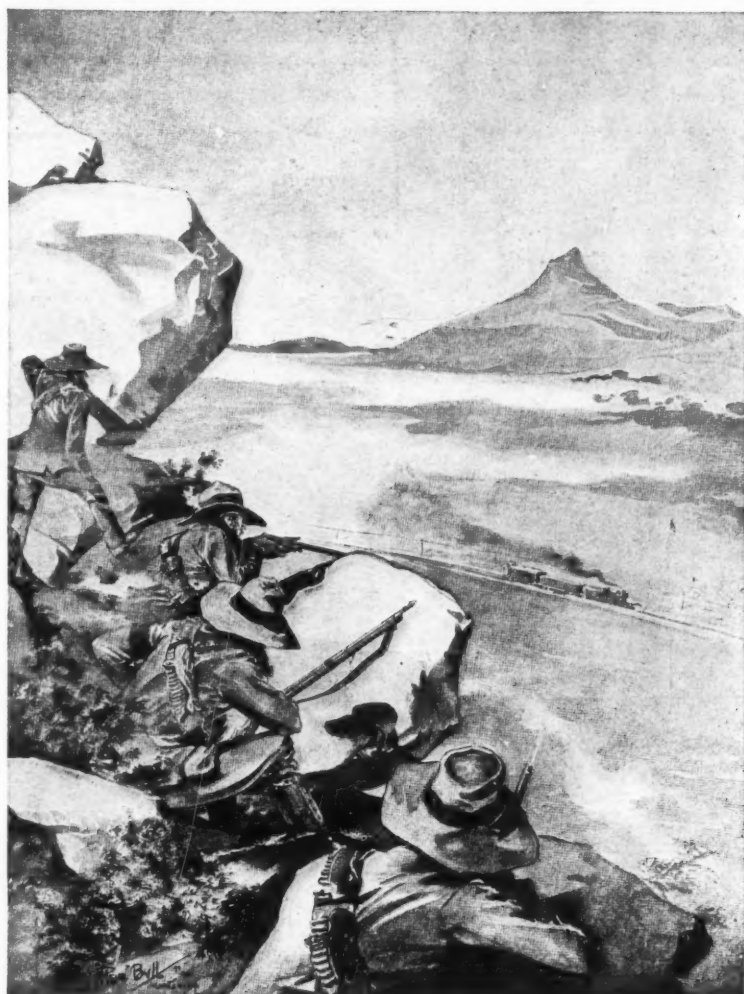




BRITISH SOLDIERS CLIMBING ABOARD THE ARMORED TRAIN AT ESTCOURT.



DRAWING A BEAD ON THE BOERS AT COLENZO.



BOER SHARPSHOOTERS PICKING OFF THE BRITISH SOLDIERS ON GENERAL FRENCH'S TRAIN, EN ROUTE TO DURBAN.



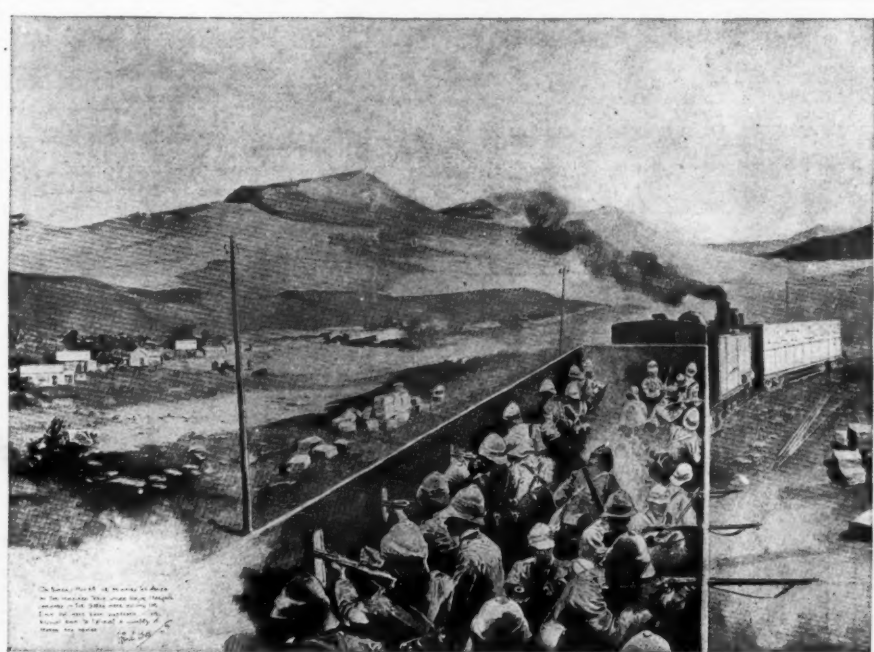
WAITING FOR A GOOD SHOT.



WATCHING FOR OBSTRUCTIONS ON THE LINE.



INTERVIEWING A ZULU DURING A DELAY.

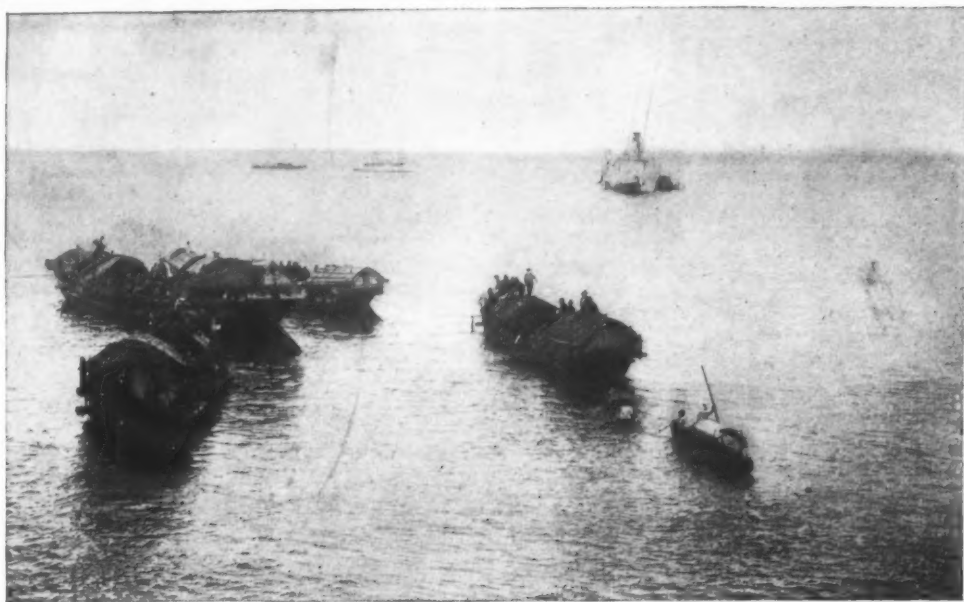


THE ARMORED TRAIN MAKING A RECONNAISSANCE, ON THE WAY FROM ESTCOURT TO COLENZO.

## THE ARMORED TRAIN AS AN EFFECTIVE WAR DEVICE.

HOW THE ENGLISH ARE UTILIZING IT MOST SUCCESSFULLY IN THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE BOERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

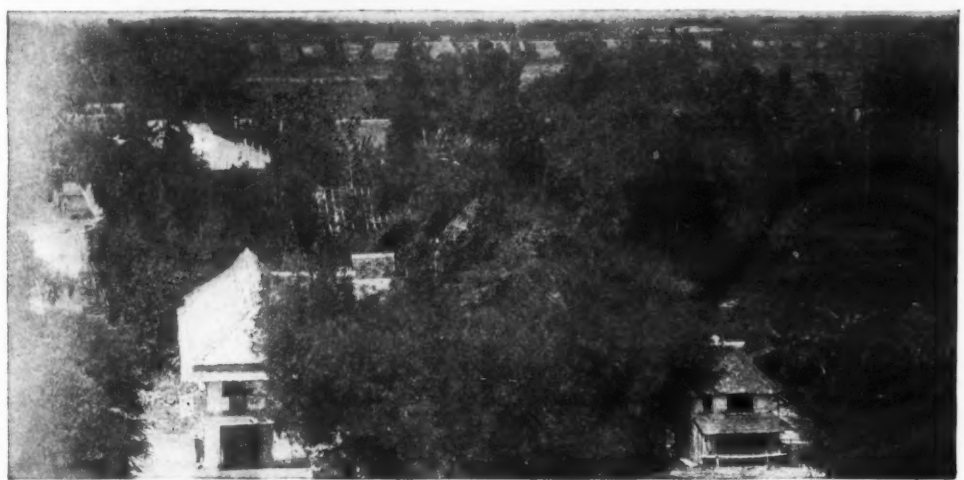




CASCOES, WITH SOLDIERS FOR GENERAL LAWTON'S CAMPAIGN, TOWED BY THE "TIN-CLAD" "LAGUNA DE BAY" UP THE PASIG RIVER TO LAKE LAGUNA DE BAY.



ANGELES, THROUGH WHICH GENERAL LAWTON PASSED ON HIS FAMOUS TRIP TO THE NORTH, CULMINATING AT MOUNT ARAYAT.



ANGELES, WITH MOUNT ARAYAT IN THE DISTANCE, THE FARTHEST POINT NORTH REACHED BY GENERAL LAWTON ON HIS FLYING CAMPAIGN.



NATIVES CLAMORING AT PROVOST MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS FOR PASSES TO LEAVE SAN FERNANDO, AFTER LAWTON CAPTURED THE PLACE.



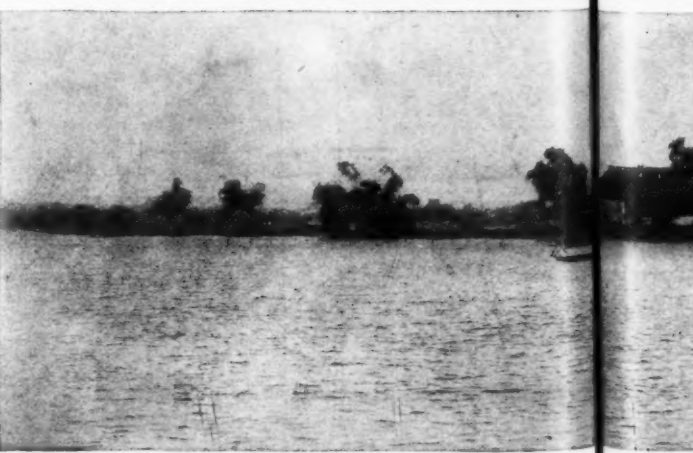
CEMETERY AT PACO, WHERE OUR BRAVE HEROES ARE BURIED—GENERAL LAWTON WAS KILLED HERE.



VIEW ON THE SAN JUAN RIVER NORTH OF SAN FERNANDO, ON GENERAL LAWTON'S NORTHWARD JOURNEY.



LAWTON'S TROOPS AT MESS—SOLDIERS DESTITUTE OF SHOES AND WITHOUT COATS.



CALAMBA, ON LAGUNA DE BAY, THE FIRST TOWN CAPTURED BY GENERAL LAWTON.

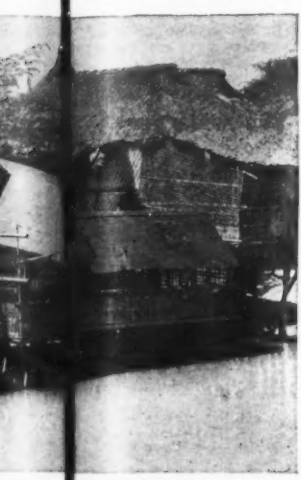
## BRAVE GENERAL LAWTON LAST

HIS VIGOROUS PURSUIT OF AGUINALDO, WHICH DROVE THE LATTER INTO THE FASTNESS OF MOUNT  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE LESLIE WEEKLY





BURIED—BAR SAN MATEO, WHERE  
AS KILL



ENDO, ON OF GENERAL LAWTON'S  
JOURNEY.



DOES AND WITHOUT OVERSHIRTS.



ED BY LAWTON HIS LAST CAMPAIGN.

## WTO LAST CAMPAIGN.

STNESSE MOUNTAINS WITH ONLY A NARROW ESCAPE FROM CAPTURE.—[SEE PAGE 10.]  
WEEKLY" BY E. C. ROST.



GENERAL LAWTON'S "BULL TRAIN" LOADED WITH PROVISIONS AND  
HALTED ON THE ROAD FOR REST.



FILIPINO PRISONERS CAPTURED BY GENERAL LAWTON AMUSING  
THEMSELVES AT FORT SANTIAGO, MANILA.



1. Captain Brooke. 2. Captain Sewall. 3. Captain King. 4. Major  
Edwards. 5. General Lawton. 6. Major Starr.  
GENERAL LAWTON AND STAFF.



HARDSHIPS OF LAWTON'S CAMPAIGN IN THE RAINY SEASON.



ROAD LEAVING SAN FERNANDO AND BRIDGE OVER WHICH LAWTON PASSED IN HIS NORTHERN CAMPAIGN, IN HOT PURSUIT OF AGUINALDO.





JOHN BULL AND UNCLE SAM—THE FORTY-THIRD LIGHT ARTILLERY AT MONTREAL VISITING THE THIRD UNITED STATES CAVALRY AT FORT ETHAN ALLEN, VT., JUNE 30TH, 1899.—*Carrie Hodgman, Saratoga Springs, New York.*



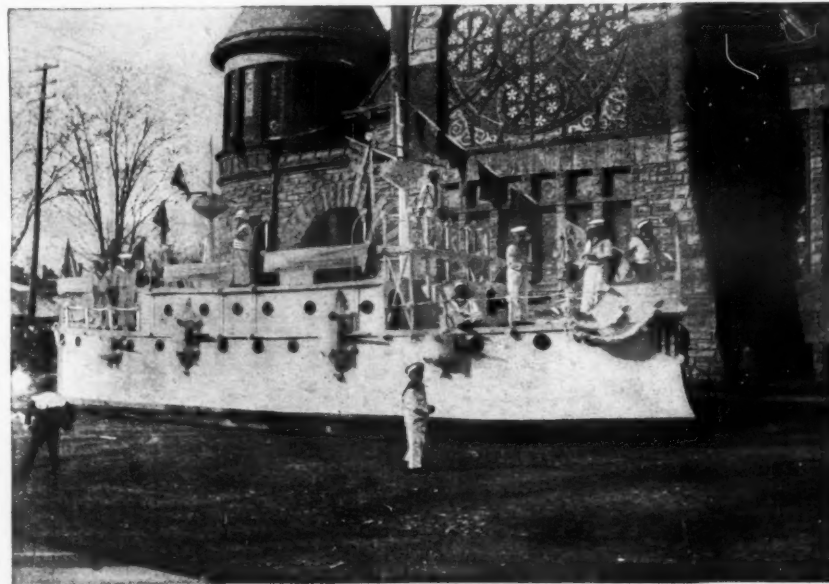
BUSY TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, WHERE THE PEOPLE REFUSED TO HAVE THE STREET RAILWAY TRACKS RELAID.—*Howard P. Knox, Boston.*



MINERS IN THE FAR-OFF ATLIN GOLD-FIELDS, BRITISH COLUMBIA, BLOWING BLACK SAND FROM GOLD—GOLD NUGGETS FILL THE PLATES AND BUCKSKIN BAGS ON THE TABLE. *C. H. Muirhead, Atlin, B. C.—This photograph was brought by dog-team from Atlin to Skagway. (The prize-winner.)*



"UNDER THE MISTLETOE?"—WILL HE KISS HER?  
*John W. Dunn, St. Louis, Mo.*



THE FLOAT "OLYMPIA." FROM WHICH THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF KALAMAZOO PRESENTED A BOUQUET TO PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, OCTOBER 17TH—FLOAT COMMANDED BY A GRAND-SON OF CONGRESSMAN DINGLEY.—*Philip S. Lawrence, Kalamazoo, Mich.*

### AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—ATLIN, BRITISH COLUMBIA, WINS.

[SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 18.]



The HIGHEST PERFECTION of scientific meat curing is represented in

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Selected from many and specially cured, they invariably demonstrate that superiority of excellence common to all Armour products. The 1-lb. boxes of Sliced "Star" Ham and Bacon, trimmed with all waste removed, embody economy and luxury. Send for booklet of special recipes by Helen Louise Johnson.

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VERMOUTH, AND YORK.

A COCKTAIL MUST BE  
COLD TO BE GOOD; TO  
SERVE IN PERFECT  
CONDITION, POUR  
OVER CRACKED ICE,  
(NOT SHAVEN) STIR  
AND STRAIN OFF.

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New woman—"One that we can both wear."  
—Judge.

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Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

Advice to Mothers: MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

Cure Indigestion,  
Constipation,  
Sick Headaches.

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TO MAN

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By Edward Eggleston.

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| A Private Lesson from a Build-dog. | A Council of War.              |
| A Spell Coming.                    | Odds and Ends.                 |
| Mirandy, Hank and Shockey.         | Face to Face.                  |
| Spelling down the Master.          | God Remember Shockey.          |
| The Walk Home.                     | Miss Nancy Sawyer.             |
| A Night at Pete Jones's.           | Pancakes.                      |
| Ominous Remarks of Mr. Jones.      | A Charitable Institution.      |
| The Struggle in the Dark.          | The Good Samaritan.            |
| Has God Forgotten Shockey?         | End Woeing.                    |
| The Devil of Science.              | A Letter and its Consequences. |
| Miss Martha Hewkins.               | A Loss and a Gain.             |
| The Hardshell Preacher.            | The Fight.                     |
| A Struggle for the Mastery.        | The Trial.                     |
| A Crisis with Bud.                 | "Brother Sodom."               |
| The Church of the Rest.            | The Trial Concluded.           |
| Licks.                             | After the Battle.              |
| The Church Militant.               | Into the Light.                |
|                                    | "How it Came Out."             |

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PERMANENTLY  
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## Blue Blood in the Boer War.

SOME of Britain's bluest blood is not only fighting, but some of it is being shed, in South Africa. The Queen has one grandson, Prince Christian Victor; a nephew, Count Gleichen; and several cousins, among them the three Princes of Teck, who are wearing her uniform and fighting the Boers. But, besides these directly connected with the royal family, there are scores of titled families whose sons are with the Queen's regiments, marching under Buller's orders. The three sons of the Duke of Teck, brothers of her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, are all at the war—Prince Francis in the Royal Dragoons, Prince



PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK.

Adolphus with the Household Cavalry contingent, and Prince Alexis with the Inniskillen Dragoons.

There is no more popular officer in the British army than Prince Francis of Teck, nor a handsomer one. He is quite unlike the Duchess of York in appearance. He is almost a giant in stature, and, though thin, magnificently proportioned. When in full uniform, wearing his helmet and tall, black plume, the top of the latter is almost seven and one-half feet from the ground. He has won his present rank of major by hard work. He was in the Soudan campaign, served with a gun on board ship on the Nile, and was under Kitchen-er at Omdurman. He has won several decorations, among them the medal for the Soudan campaign. Among the officers reported severely wounded at the Modder River fight was Count Gleichen, of the Grenadier Guards, who has been placed on "special" staff duty, with General Buller, for the South African campaign. He is a nephew of Queen Victoria, through the first marriage of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, to Prince Leiningen.

Count Gleichen is thirty-six years of age, and has been with the Grenadier Guards for nineteen years. He is a man of keen intelligence, rare education and executive ability, and the author of several important books on army matters. Since 1895 he has been a staff captain of the intelligence division of the war office, and he has served with distinction in the Nile expedition of 1884-5; in Morocco in 1893; in the Soudan in 1896, and in Abyssinia in 1897. He has always been recognized as a brilliant, dashing soldier, and has had frequent commendation in the headquarters dispatches.

The Earl of Airlie is a Scotch laird who is in South Africa. He is a peer of Scotland, honorary colonel of the Black Watch, and a commanding officer of the Eighth Hussars. He was until recently major of the Second Dragoon Guards, and served in Afghanistan and in the east Soudan Nile expedition. Lord Airlie is an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, and one of the best-known men in London.

The appointment of Sir Charles Warren to the general command of the fifth division of General Buller's army, which is now mobilizing and en route to South Africa, is another instance of the bestowal of rank earned by merit. General War-

ren's days of campaigning were thought to be over, but, keeping pace with his juniors, he asked for service at the front and was given the important command. He is no carpet soldier, but has had a singularly hard and varied career. He has served in India, in Egypt, and has already had much useful experience in South African warfare, having directed several successful operations against Boer freebooters on the borders of the Transvaal and Bechuanaland.

## The Four-foot Filipino.

A BALLAD OF THE TRENCHES.

We have chased the slick Apache over desert, plain, and hill,  
We have trailed the sly Osage through the bresh,  
We have followed Ute and Sioux all their blasted country through,  
When their liquor made them get a little fresh;  
We have seen our share of fightin', we have stopped our share of lead,  
We have fought all sorts of fighters, great and small,  
But the four-foot Filipino, when it comes to doin' harm,  
Is the toughest proposition of them all.

With his baby bow and arrow, and his Maxim rapid-fire—  
For he carries ev'ry kind of arm that's known—  
He's uncommonly successful as a plantin'-squad supplier,—  
On the list of dead his handiwork is shown.  
There he squats out in the jungle with his weapon in his hand,  
And a dozen brothers waitin' for his place,  
Till a message from your rifle makes him slowly understand  
That it's risky business fightin' face to face.

Then he shuffles to a safer place and waits until you come,  
For he knows you'll travel that way by and by.  
When across the swamps and rivers with your rifle you have swum  
Why, he pats you 'fore the mud upon you's dry!  
Ain't he quick! Ain't he slick! Ain't he just a dazzlin' brick!  
Though he's nothin' but a Chinaman, they say.  
It is like the crack of doom when you hear his rifle click—  
Bet your life the Filipino ain't a jay!

We have seen our share of fightin', we have stopped our share of lead,  
We have fought all kinds of fighters, great and small,  
But the four-foot Filipino, when it comes to pilin' dead,  
Is the most successful pilin' of them all!

HENRY L. MENCHEN.

## Pictures That Will Be Historic.

THE American biograph is taking a prominent part in the two wars which are now occupying the centre of the world's stage, and the pictures which are being shown at Keith's Theatre in New York, and at other leading houses throughout the country, are of intense interest. The biograph paid a great deal of attention to the soldier-boys of John Bull and Uncle Sam in times of peace, and so many splendid parade pictures have been made that we are all very familiar with the appearance of the American and British soldier in his gorgeous trappings of peace.

Now we are to look at him as he works in his flannel shirt, muddy khaki trousers and gaiters, with fierce whiskers on his face, and none too much flesh on his bones. We are promised some vivid, soul-stirring pictures of actual, gretsome war, and the conditions under which the biograph-operators in the Transvaal and in the Philippines are working are so favorable that the promises will probably be made good. W. Kennedy-Laurie Dickson, who won fame by penetrating the sacred precincts of the Vatican and photographing the Pope, has been with Major-General Sir Redvers Buller since November 1st, and has been given every possible facility to get his apparatus on the firing-line.

C. Fred Ackerman, who landed in Manila on September 30th, was attached by General Otis to Colonel Bell's energetic Thirty-sixth Infantry, the regiment which led in the rout of Aguinaldo in the northern campaign, and which has figured in most of the engagements of the present season. A written description is always and forever the point of view, more or less biased, of the correspondent. But the biograph camera does not lie, and we form our own judgment of this and that as we watch the magic screen.

So both the American and British war offices have recognized the possible value of real war pictures, and have given the operators of the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company the privilege of risking their lives to secure actual pictures of the war. They may not be successful. They are handicapped by all the involved processes of photography. Their films, thousands of miles from a developing-station, may be ruined before they ever pass from the negative to the positive stage, and what promised to be a wonderful scene may prove a blank strip of film. But the game is worth the candle. Imagine the historical value of a moving picture of the charge at Balaklava, or of the advance upon Gettysburg. There will be other Balaklavas and other Gettysburgs, and the biograph may get there just in the nick of time!

## The First Election in Porto Rico.

A PECULIARLY American flavor has been noticeable in recent press reports from Porto Rico describing the municipal elections in various cities and towns of that island. Eighteen of these elections have already been held and there are about forty-five more to be ordered, so that the election excitement is likely to be spread along over two or three months. The Porto Ricans are divided for the most part into only two parties, Republican and Federal, following lines of political cleavage opened long before the United States took possession of the country. Never before, however, have elections been held under auspices so favorable to a fair, open and honest expression of public sentiment. The election in Ponce was held on December 12th, and resulted in a Republican victory by a majority of 1,700. In seven other towns the Republicans were victorious also, while the Federals carried nine towns.

The first municipal election in Arecibo took place on November 18th. The total number of voters registered was 1,210, and the total number of votes cast was 1,165, out of which the Federal

party received 1,082, and the Republicans only 83. The good order and conduct that prevailed in both parties during the election was worthy of comparison with the best conducted elections in the United States, and highly creditable to the islanders. During the evening of election day many speeches were made from the balcony of the hotel in the plaza by prominent members of the winning party. Muñoz Rivera, the leader of the Federals, delivered the closing speech in the midst of great cheers from an enthusiastic crowd and the playing of a band of music. The photographic view given herewith was taken during the first day of registration, which was held at the *alcaldia*, or city hall. Captain Landstreet, the officer in charge, sits at the right with his interpreter standing by him. The four men at the table next to the wall constitute the four members of the board of registration, the two at the right Republicans and the two at the left Federal. The rest of the group are prominent members of both parties, including the mayor (Federal), who was re-elected, and who is the one sitting at the other end of the table, opposite Captain Landstreet.

A. H. TELLER.

## Old Master—Old Slaves.

A COLORED MAN'S TRIBUTE TO A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN.

NORMAL, LA., December 16th.—The strong friendship between the old master and the old slave was shown by the late Colonel William Martin Holding, of Huntsville, Ala. Colonel Holding's father was a millionaire in slaves and land, and the management of the estate at the death of the father devolved upon the son. The young master was well prepared for the great responsibility, having attended first-class colleges, and at one time was a pupil of that subsequently distinguished statesman, James G. Blaine. So uniform and marked was young Holding's kind treatment of his slaves that they were often called "Holding's free niggers" by some people who did not like the black man much in those ante-bellum days. When war came on his slaves remained at "the old farm," or farms, as he had more than one. When freedom came they still remained with him, and have ever since had his friendly and intelligent guidance. He loved them, and they loved him.

He often told me that he loved them as friends, and that they were trusty and loyal. He always "carried" them through the crop season. He paid cash for their supplies, and never charged them one cent of interest. He stood between them and the sharpers who crowded around on all sides to defraud them of their hard-earned dollars. It was his rule never to sell out a tenant, and at the end of a year, if they had worked hard but failed in the crop, he would cancel their obligations to him. Sickness overtook him this year before the final settlements with these ex-slaves of over half a century, and faithful tenants of a third of a century. The day before his death he called his nephew, Hon. Shelby Fletcher, to his bedside and directed him to go to the plantations and release all old family negroes from all of their obligations to him. He then closed a career of deep human sympathy, scattering sunshine and gladness wherever he went, and his upright soul went to its God.

He had been a friend of the unfortunate and oppressed, regardless of color, religious creed, or political party, although himself a consistent Democrat. As well as the fashionable rich who thronged the aristocratic Presbyterian Church to listen to the touching services conducted by the pastor, Dr. Bitzer, scores of negroes with tearful eyes among the lowly there testified that the dead man had been their friend in their hard struggles to keep starvation from their humble homes.

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## An Invaluable Book.

THROUGH the medium of the phonograph future generations may perhaps have the pleasure of listening to some of the best oratory of our own time in the very speech and tones of the orators themselves, a more enjoyable privilege in some respects than that of reading the orations in printed form. But so far as the productions of the past are concerned, the masterpieces of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Burke, Chatham, Henry Clay, and other great men of this class, we must find our delight now and ever in what we have of them through the medium of the printed page. And for those who care for such literature—and who will confess that he does not?—we know of nothing so comprehensive and satisfactory as the series of ten volumes projected by Mr. Ferd P. Kaiser, of Chicago, under the general title of "The World's Best Orations." It is proposed in this series to give a selection of the great masterpieces of oratory from the days of the Romans down to the present time. The chief editor of the work is the Hon. David J. Brewer, justice of the United States Supreme Court, a fact which insures its high character and literary excellence. The first volume in the series, now before us, confirms the claims which have been put forth for the series. In the range and character of the selections made for this volume there is little or nothing left to be desired. Rare taste and good judgment are in evidence throughout its pages. Among the orators represented here by one or more selections are Pierre Abelard, John Quincy Adams, Fisher Ames, Francis Bacon, Isaac Barrow, Lord Beaconsfield, Henry Ward Beecher, and Judah P. Benjamin. The selections from each are prefaced by a brief but comprehensive biographical note. The volume is also embellished with a number of choice portraits and historical scenes, among the latter being the red room in the White House and the Bruce monument at Stirling Castle.

## For Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used. No copyrighted photographs will be received.



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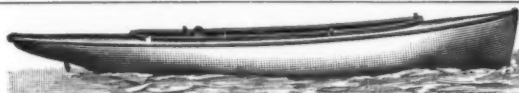
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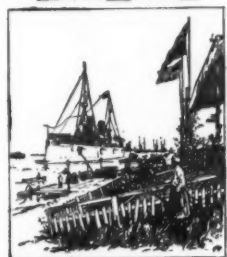
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